THE

HACKLEY

SCHOOL

ANNUAL

1928

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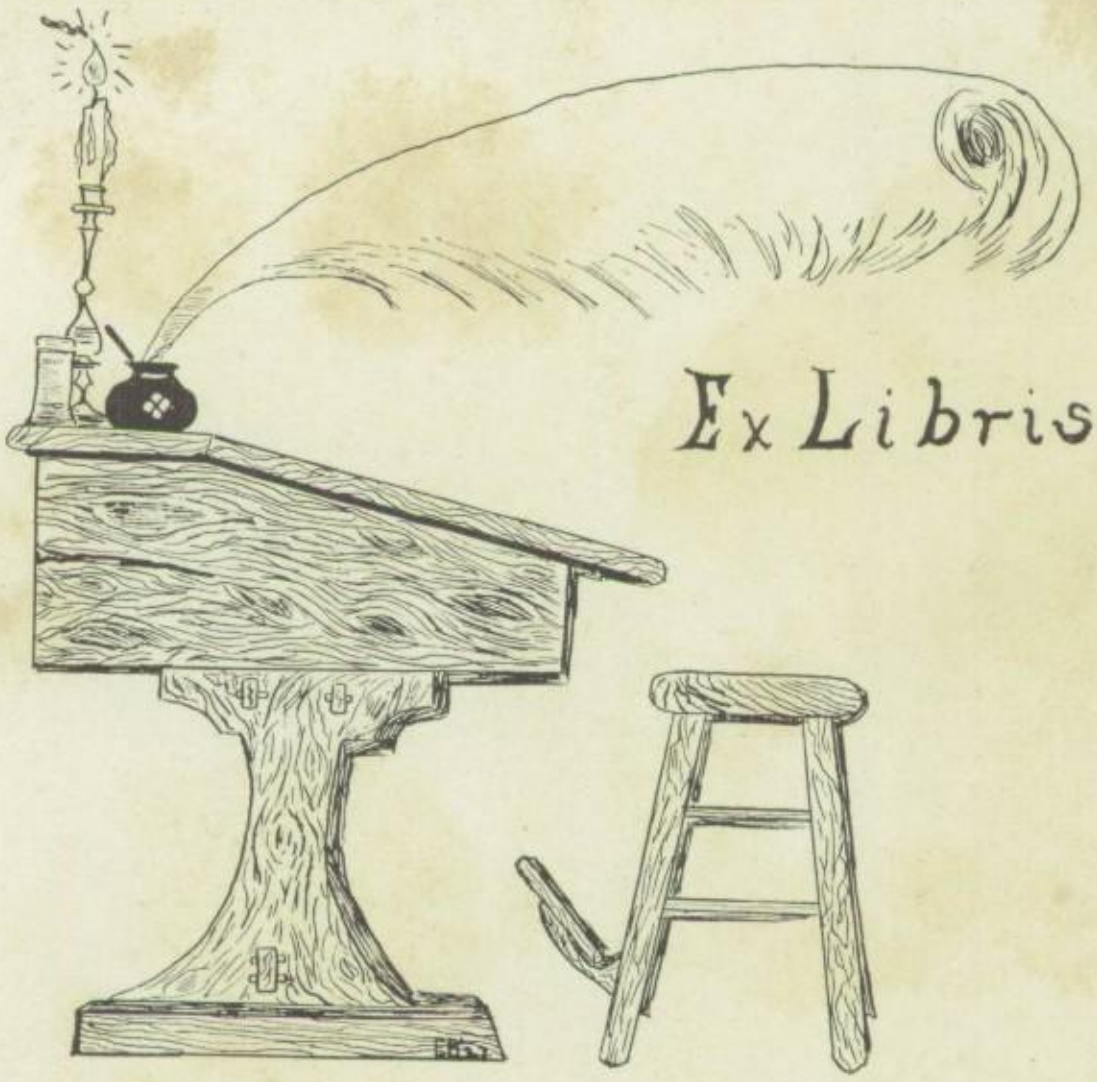

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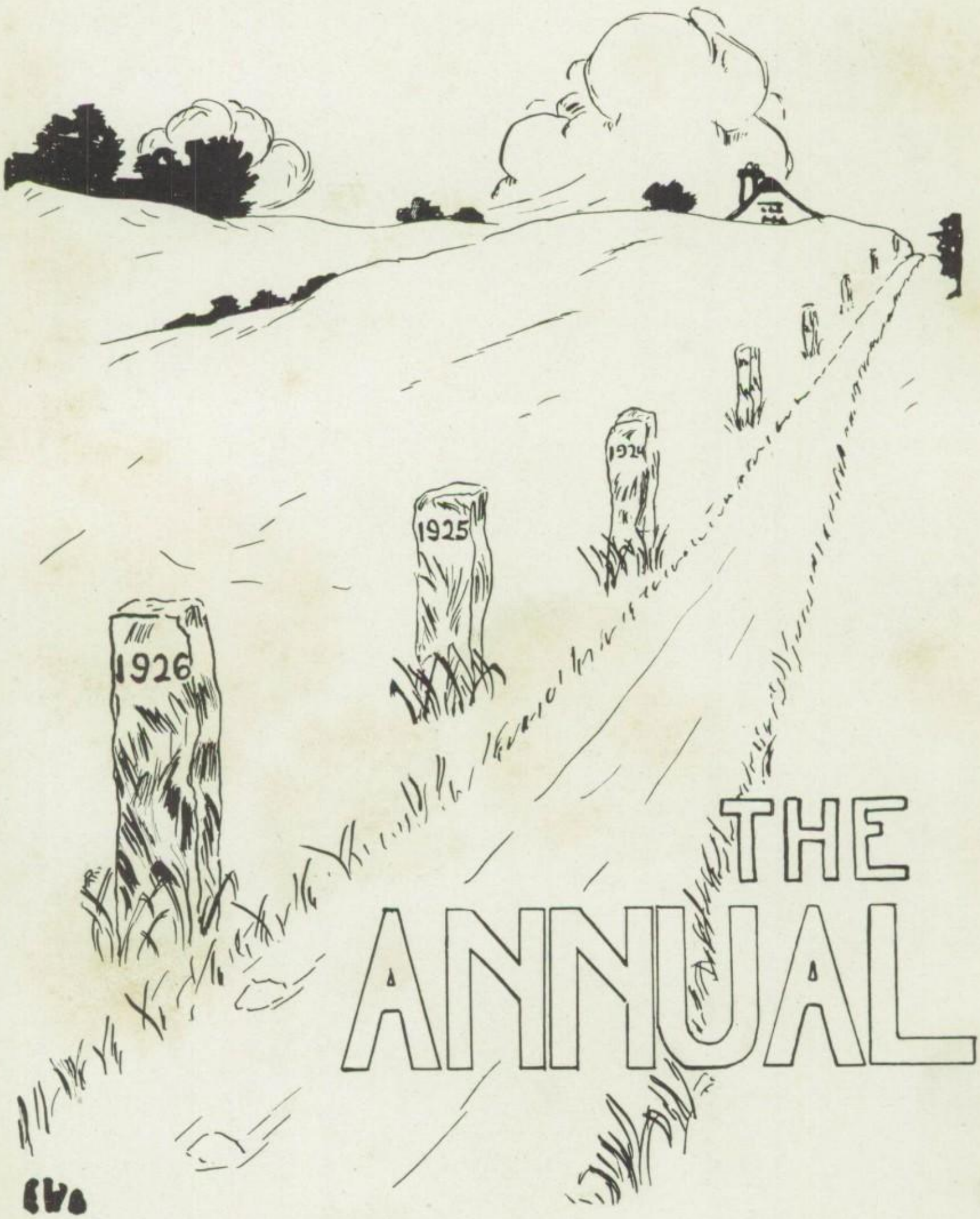
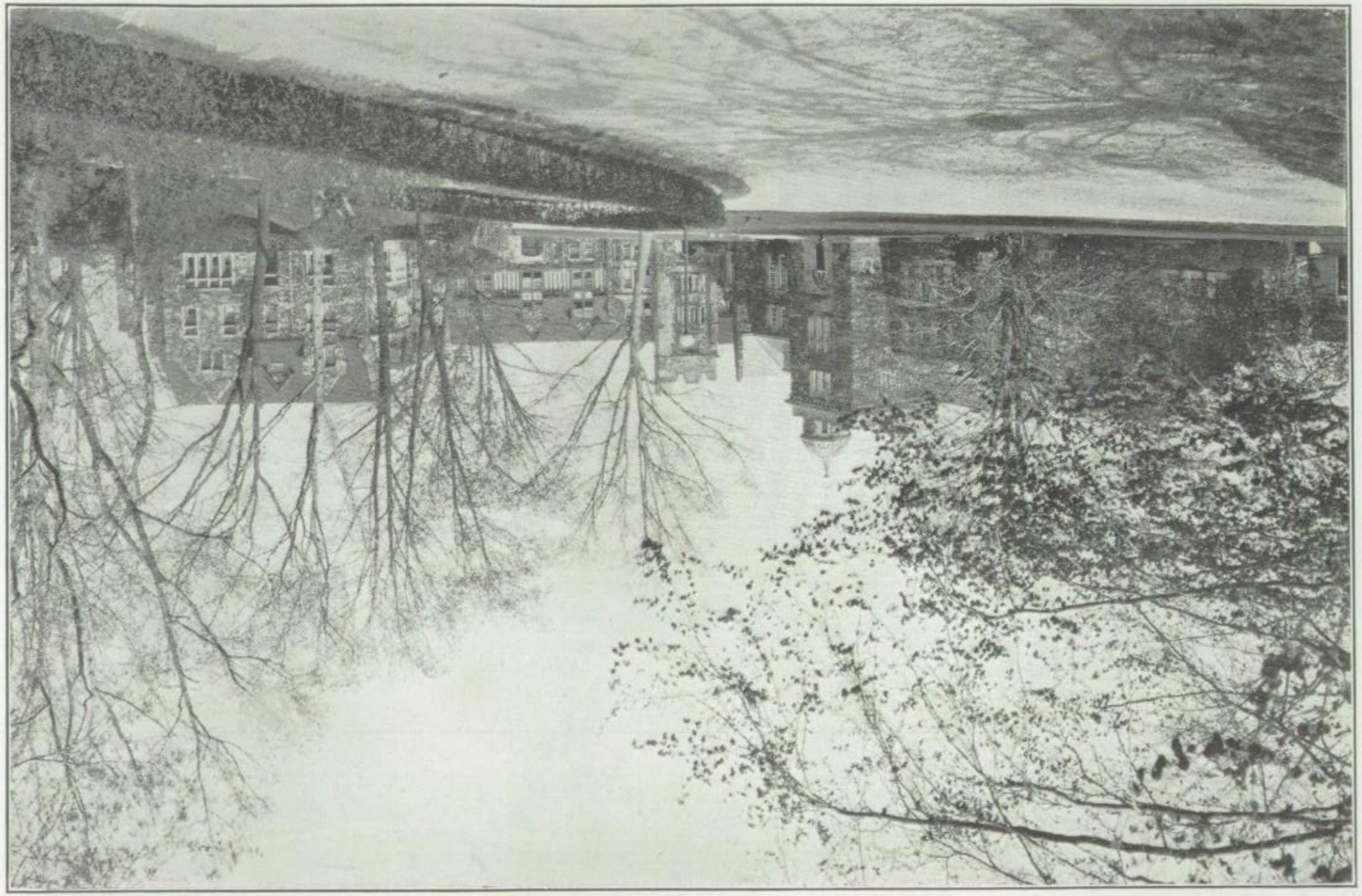
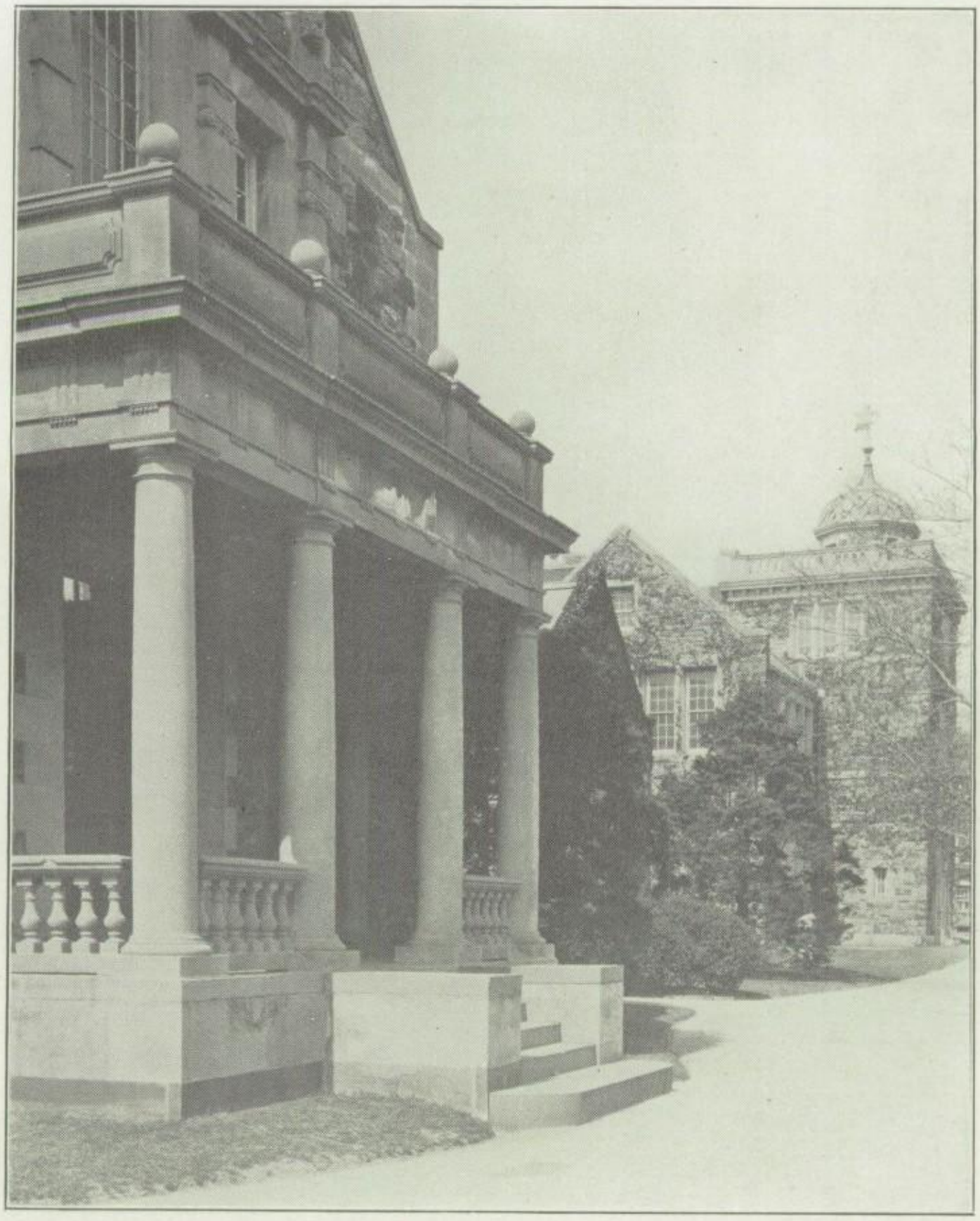


THE ANNUAL

We, the class of nineteen hundred and twenty-six gratefully dedicate this volume to Mrs. Walter Boutwell Gage, whose memory will always serve to strengthen our attachment to Hackley.





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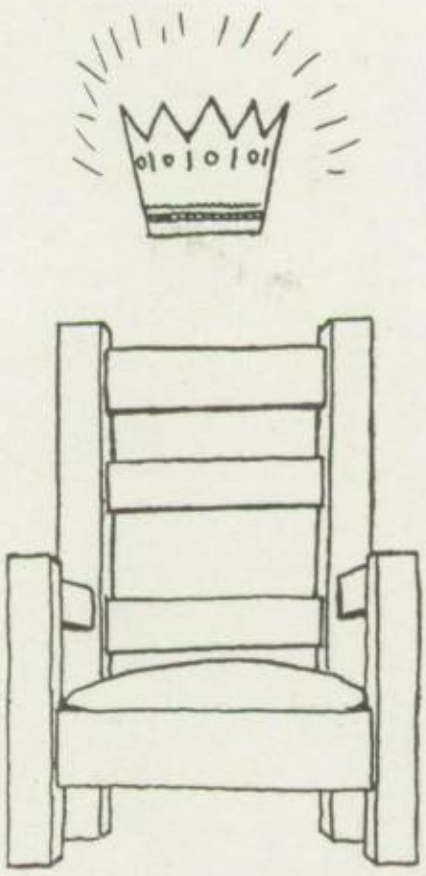

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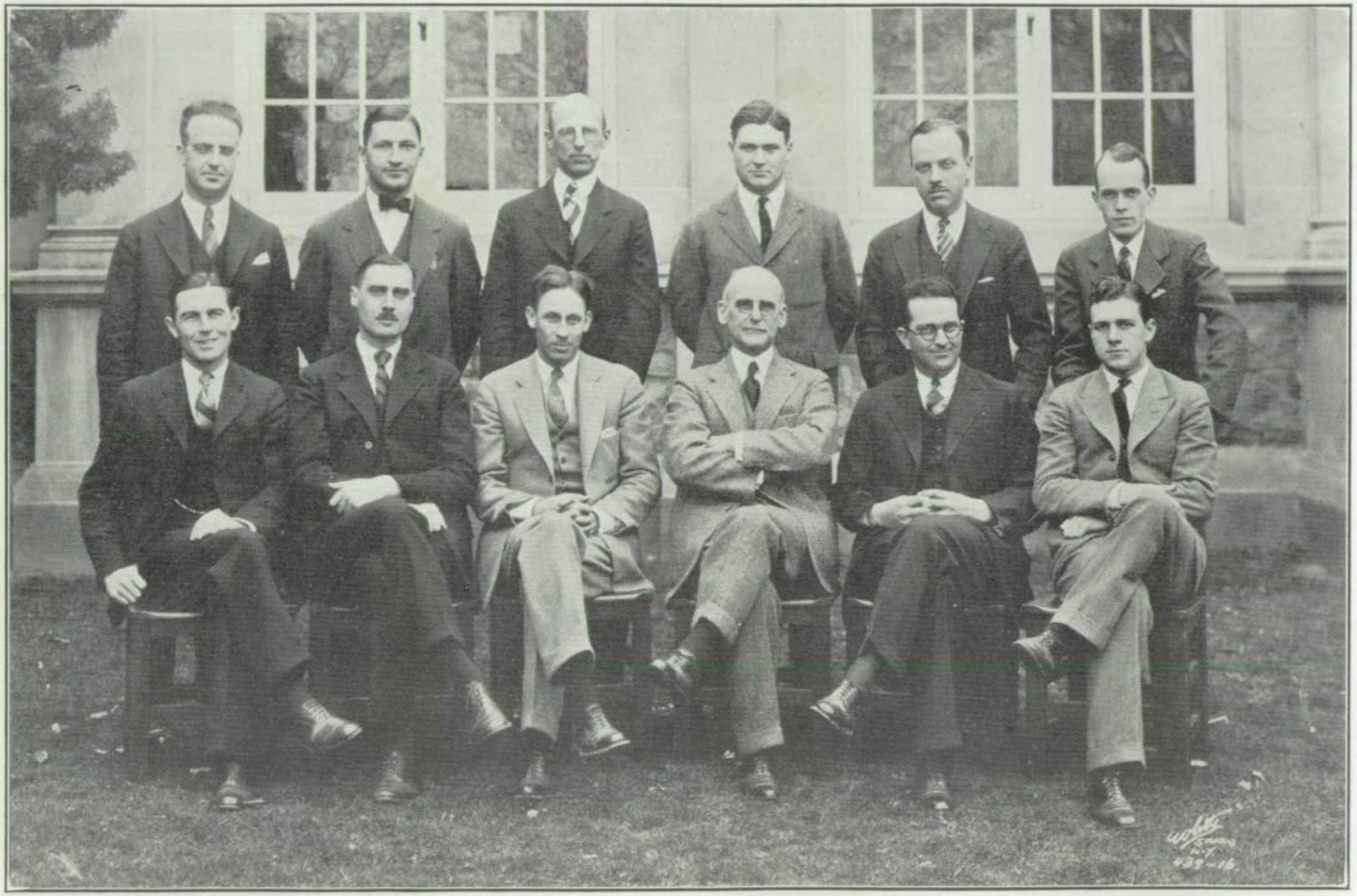
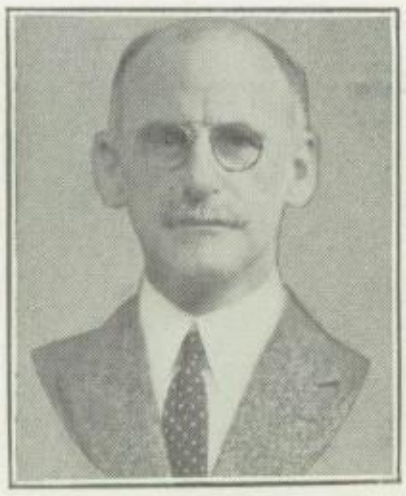




WALTER BOUTWELL GAGE—Graduated, Harvard University, 1894, A.B. Taught Classics in the Dalzell School, Worcester, Mass. Came to Hackley in the fall of 1900 and taught Latin and Greek until 1908. Made Headmaster in 1908.

HARRY MARTIN COOK—Head of Mathematics Department. Graduated, Dartmouth College, 1914, B.S. Taught Sciences in Pittsfield Academy, Fittsfield, N. H. Served in Navy. Came to Hackley, 1916.

ARTHUR BARTLETT HAGUE—Director of Music. Graduated, Yale University, 1914. A.B. Studied at Yale Music School, and under Leopold Godowsky, Clarence Adler and Joseph Lhevine. Member of U. S. Ordnance Corps. Came to Hackley, 1920.

JOHN BERNARD LOFTUS—Bursar. Graduated, Clark University, 1918. Came to Hackley, 1920. For three years taught English and Mathematics; became Bursar in 1923.

THEODORE RUTLEDGE BUTLER—Director of Athletics. Graduated, University of New Hampshire, 1921, B.S. Was director of Athletics at St. George's School, Newport, R. I. Came to Hackley, 1923.

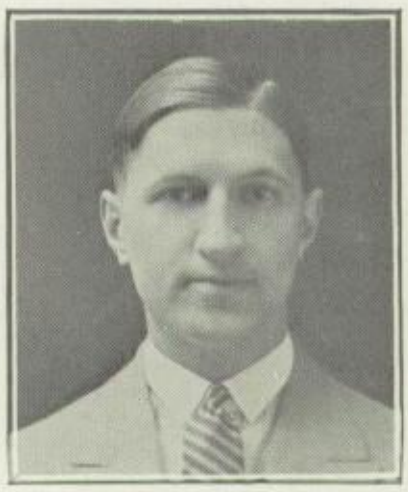
ALLAN THOMPSON COOK—Head of English Department. Graduated, Syracuse University, 1910, A.B. Studied at University of Chicago and Columbia University. Taught at Suffield School and Evanston High School, Illinois. Head of English Department, Albany High School. Came to Hackley, 1923.

GUY MEREDITH RUSSELL—Head of History Department. Graduated, Yale University, 1910, A.B. Graduate study at Middlebury. Taught at Westminster School, Bordentown Military Institute, and Worcester Academy. Lately of the Atlantic Refining Company. Came to Hackley, 1923.

PHILIP L. COFFIN—Head of Classical Department. Graduated, Princeton University, 1913, A.B., M.A., 1914. Taught at Fessenden School, Valley Ranch School. Came to Hackley, 1925.

MAURICE H. LINDSAY—Mathematics. Graduated Stevens Institute of Technology, 1909, M.E. Taught at Shady Side Academy, Pittsburgh, Penna., and Ashville School, N. C. Came to Hackley, 1924.

MARVIN C. BUSHART—Latin and German. Graduated, Colgate University, 1921, A.B. Taught in East High School, Rochester, N. Y., and Shattuck School, Faribault, Minn. Came to Hackley, 1924

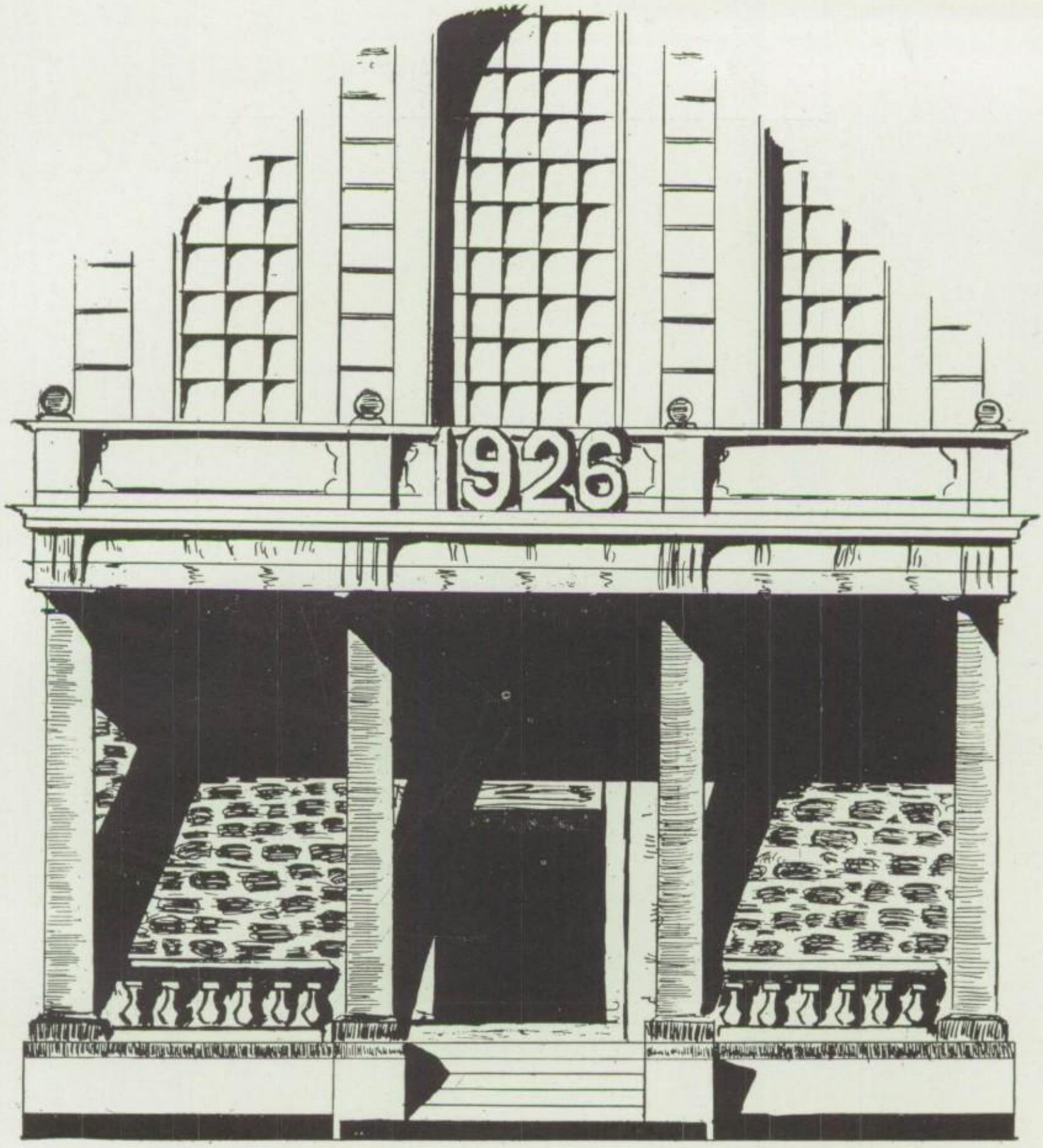


WILLIAM J. NAVIN—English. Graduated, Alfred University, 1925, A.B. Studied at Columbia University. Came to Hackley, 1925

CLYDE FAGE BROCKETT—French and Arithmetic. Graduated, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 1922, B.S. Attended University of Rochester. Later with Eastman Kodak Company. Came to Hackley, 1925.

Evan Whitehill Smith—English and Civics. Graduated, Columbia University, 1923, A.B. Taught in New York Public Schools. Came to Hackley, 1925.

John Parsons Weller—Head of French Department. Graduated, Stanford University, 1920, A.B., M.A., 1921. Fellow, University of Brussels, Belgium. Taught at Stanford University and University of Texas. Came to Hackley, 1925.



SENIORS

MOST VERSATILE—WITTIEST—MOST ORIGINAL

HAROLD CAMPBELL ADAMSON

"Hal"

LARCHMONT, N. Y.

Entered, Fall of 1923

Raymond Club; Club Soccer, '24, '25; Manager of Baseball, '26; Glee Club, '24, '25, '26; Dramatic Club, '24, '25, '26, President, '26; *Hackley* Board, '25, Sports Editor, '26; Editor-in-Chief of ANNUAL, '26.

A ROAR of a Chrysler Roadster, a "what-have-you" glance, a dash of wit, and we have Hal. This boy is one of the most likeable in the class; and why not? He's just the kind of a boy that women can't forget, since his ways are so unusually winning.

Talk about being active? Hal has them all stopped. Besides contributing at least half the literature in each issue of *The Hackley,* the greatest credit possible goes to him for the success of this publication for, as Editor-in-Chief, he has accomplished a noble piece of work. And yet his accomplishments have not been sufficiently enumerated. During his last term in school he was manager of Baseball and under his guidance, the team had a very successful season. As an actor Hal has always been supreme. During his Junior year he played his role to such a degree of perfection that he was unanimously elected President of the Dramatic Club this year, and he well deserved the honor.

Hal possesses a startling propensity for supper clubs of the high hat variety and is reputed to be on intimate terms with almost all the head-waiters and celebrities in the metropolis. Moreover he is a member of any number of Yacht Clubs and Country Clubs. His big drawing card is his scintillating personality. For example, he asked the Annual Board to spend entire Sunday mornings at hard labor. Did they complain? No. Did they do the work? Yes, sir!

Yale is not only a good college, but also a very fortunate one, for Hal has every intention of going there in the fall.

JOHN CLARKE BRAYTON

"Jack" *"J. C. B."*

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Entered, Fall of 1923

Goodhue Club; Football Squad, '23, Team '24, '25, Captain, '25; Basketball Squad, '24; Track Squad, '24, '25, '26, Manager, '26; Stage Crew, '24; Secretary of Athletic Association, '26; Head Usher, '26; Secretary of Class, '24, '25, '26; Editor of ANNUAL, '26; *Hackley* Board, '25, '26, Managing Editor, '26.

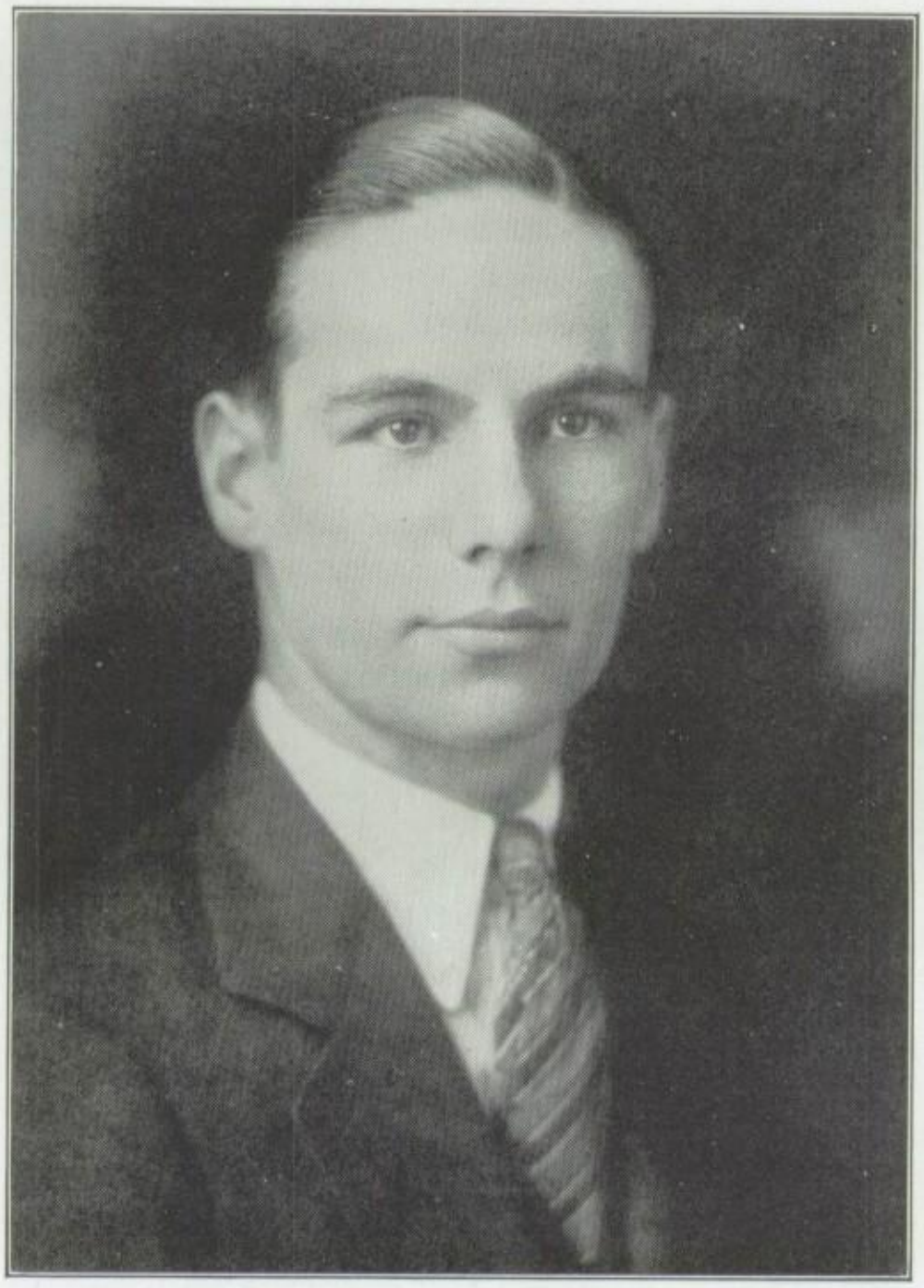
THE flaxen-haired youth on the page opposite is Jack Brayton, captain of football, manager of track, and what not. Jack entered Hackley in '23, and immediately became envied by all of us because of his drag with the upper classmen. While most of us were fighting for recognition in a strange school, Jack was completely at home, surrounded by no end of fellows from his home town.

Although Jack has been voted the quietest boy in the class, he is by no means the most obscure. Far from it! His name is a by-word about the country side, and is mentioned by the inmates of Castle and Marymount with a certain feeling of awe. The blond beauty of this fair-haired young man seems to be irresistable to the opposite sex, as may be seen from the many admiring glances cast in his direction.

Jack is an important factor in the success of THE ANNUAL and *Hackley,* his clever wit and excellent command of the English language combining to aid color and finesse to his endeavors. Jack was troubled with a fluctuating heart this year and spent a few weeks at a fashionable country club. Although we haven't found the object of his afflictions as yet, we hope to soon.

Formerly, Jack was under the hallucination that Yale was the only college there was, but lately, sanity having at last come to him, he has decided on Williams, where no doubt his charms will bring him success.

Biggest Fusser—Biggest Bluffer



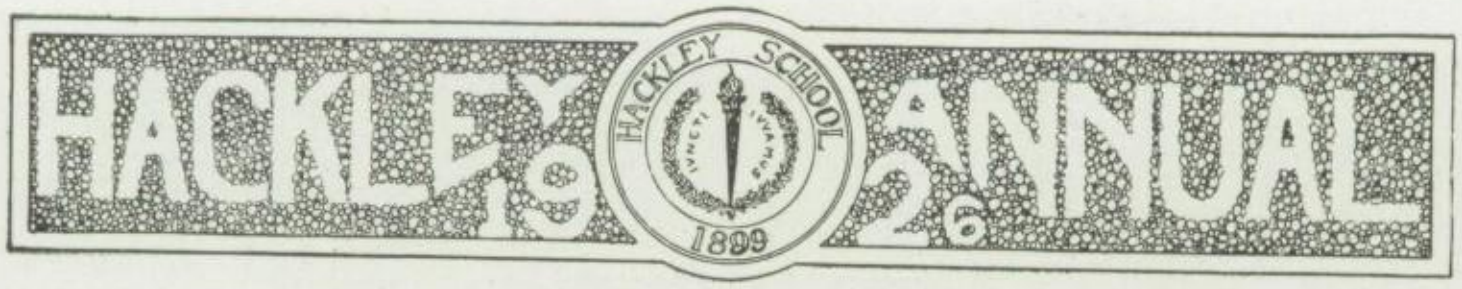
T. W. Brophy, III

"Bill"

CHICAGO, ILL.

Entered, Fall of 1923

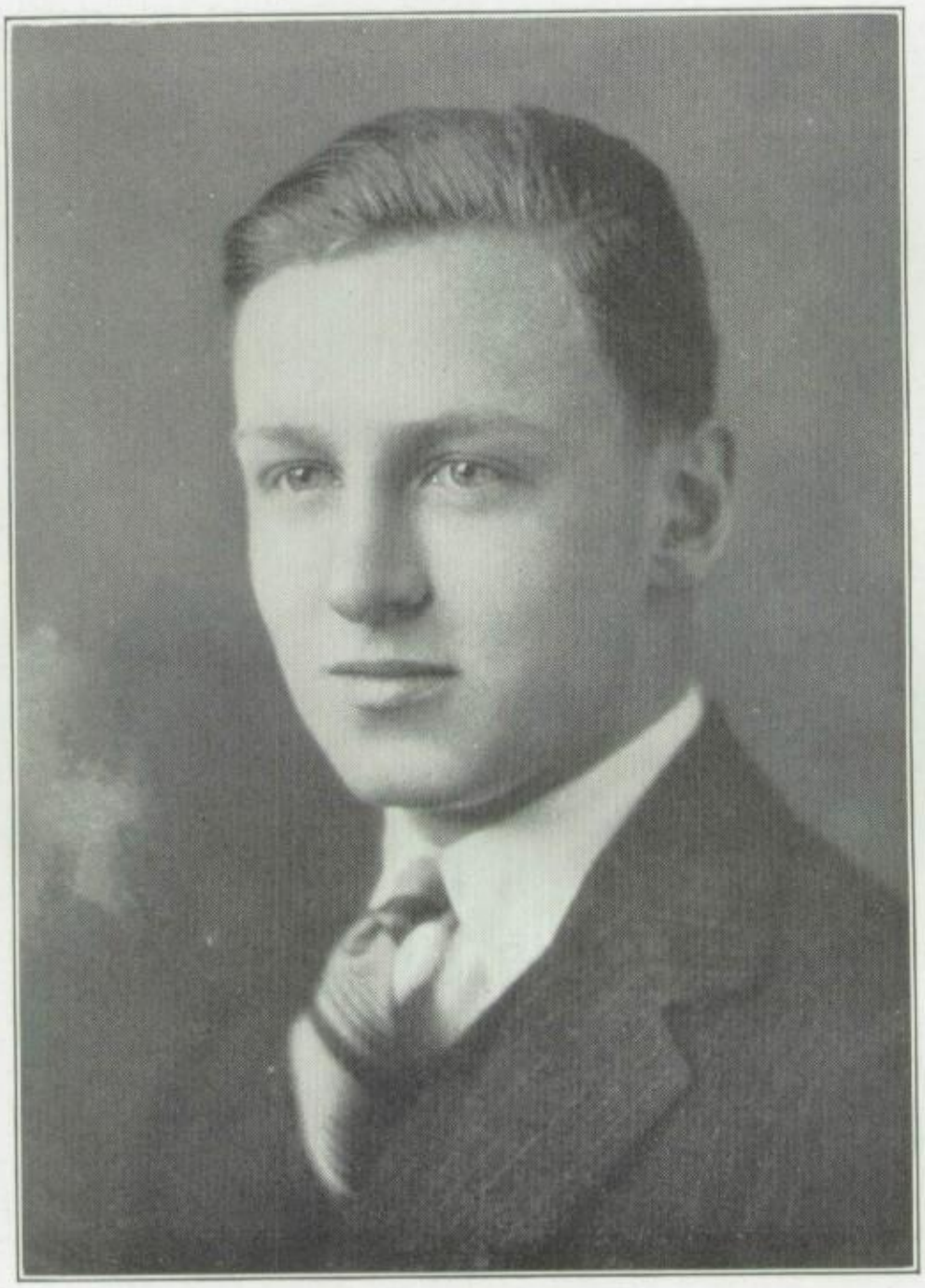
Goodhue Club; Club Football, '24, Squad, '25, Team, '26; Club Soccer, '24; Club Basketball, '24, '25, Squad, '26; Club Baseball, '24, Squad, '26; Track Team, '25; Stage Crew, '24, '25, '26; Glee Club, '24, '25, '26; Dramatic Club, '26.



SAY, WON'T the Tarrytown belles be *sore,* when they find that Bill Brophy is leaving this year? Oh, well, they've had him long enough. Give the New Haven girls a chance! Yes, dear readers, Bill is going to Yale, too. Isn't that nice? Bill hails from Chicago, the crime wave center, but you'd never know it. No, sir, Bill Brophy is as fine a lad as you'll find anywhere. You see, we use this illustrative example to show how a truly strong mind may overcome environment. He is one of Arthur Hague's prize *yodelers* besides portraying extra heavy roles for the Dramatic Club. Bill's spirit on the football field and in the classroom has gained for him the admiration and respect of all his associates and we are sure his debonair attitude will carry him far in college. He has the distinctive reputation of being the most widely traveled person in the class, having visited every port from Naples to Coney Island.

Bill has also been acclaimed the biggest bluffer of the class. With seeming indifference he can relate some of his supposed adventures and without so much as a semblance of emotion he can invent with remarkable spontaneity some of the most incredible yarns imaginable. This great creative power combined with some of his other abilities will, we are sure, make Bill some day a very eminent newspaper reporter or a very crafty lawyer.

BRIGHTEST—MOST POPULAR—DONE MOST FOR HACKLEY
BEST ATHLETE



ROBERT E. CARR

"Bob" *"Bobby"*

PRINCETON, N. J.

Entered, Fall of 1921

Goodhue Club; Secretary of Class, '22, '23, President, '24, '25, '26; Student Council, '22; Club Football, '21, '22, Squad, '23, Team, '24, '25; Club Basketball, '22, '23, Squad, '24, Team, '25, '26, Captain, '26; Club Baseball, '22, '23, Team, '24, '25, '26; Dramatic Club, '25, '26; Usher, '24; Glee Club, '25, '26; Decorating Committee, '24, '25, '26.

PERHAPS the Senior Class can boast of no more admirable personage than Bobby Carr, Class President. He has helped us to make for ourselves a reputation, of which, we believe, we have just reason to be proud. Bobby is unsurpassed in athletic prowess and, the lack of his presence we are sure will be keenly felt by the teams next year. Bobby is one of the few Seniors who has completed more than ten points of the college requirements, and his entrance into Yale this fall is virtually assured. We are confident that, once there, he will establish a record worthy of emulation by the future graduates of our school.

While Bob has been an excellent leader, an accomplished athlete, and an able student, he has in no way neglected the fair sex. This may be verified by a view of his mail-box, at about ten A. M. any morning. The sole difference between him and Valentino lies in the fact that the latter has a secretary to handle his mail. Bob and Bill Brophy are heralded as the class acrobats and the two spend many an hour, surrounded by mattresses, in practicing back-flips, somersaults, etc. In spite of the fact that they have ruined many a bed-spring, their performances have always been enthusiastically received by the corridor.

After all this, one would never guess that Bobby is a farmer lad. Nevertheless 'tis true and he, no doubt, will be found during the sultry days of the summer vacation milking cows and cultivating pork chops.

Most Likely to Succeed

RICHARD WILMOT COMSTOCK

"Dick"

NEWARK, N. Y.

Entered, Fall of 1922

Goodhue Club, Vice-President, '26; Club Football, '23; Club Basketball, '23, Squad, '25, Team, '26; Track Squad, '24, Team, '25, '26, Captain, '26; Tennis Champion, '24, '25; Darkening Committee, '25, '26; Usher, '26; Business Manager of *Hackley,* '25, '26; ANNUAL Board, '26.

DICK Comstock is one boy we expect big things of. When it comes to business matters he is absolutely without a peer. Were it not for Dick *The Hackley* would have been obliterated this year and THE ANNUAL would have probably come out in a paper-bound edition. Thanks to his untiring labor, however, both publications thrived. Dick's room, clothes, etc., are all arranged in a systematic order which is characteristic of his precision in money matters.

After all this one might be inclined to think that Dick is an efficiency expert or an economic nut. Far from it! He is the fleet-footed captain of the track team and may be found almost any afternoon pacing about the oval preparatory to some meet. Yes, sir, he is a virile specimen—and let us not forget that he excels in tennis and calls the national and Olympic stars by their first names. Nor are his athletic abilities limited to track and tennis, for he also stars on the basketball court.

Dick is one of our most admirable fellows and his much frequented room is the scene of many a merry party, partly because of his joviality and partly because of its interesting and adaptable construction. Dick's idea of college is Williams, where we know he will be well liked.

Most Childish

DAVID IVES COOPER

"Coop" *"Dave"*

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Entered, Fall of 1923

Raymond Club; Club Football, '24, '25, '26; Club Soccer, '25, '26; Hockey Squad, '24, '25; Club Baseball, '24; Track Squad, '25, '26; Glee Club, '25, '26; Orchestra, '24; Darkening Committee, '24; Property Manager of Dramatic Club, '26; *Hackley* Board, '25, Managing Editor, '26.

"COOP" grew bored with us in the winter term and moved from his quarters to the top of Hale Tower, from which he could be seen peering out of his glassless windows. Nevertheless he has spent most of his time on the corridor, except for a short period when he was barred for political reasons.

Last year, when still a verdant Junior, "Coop" was regarded as the human question mark, and could be seen at almost any hour gleaning knowledge from Tom Wagner, from whom he acquired a marvellous store. This year he has been the class movie critic, always ready to recommend or slam a picture, or to identify any player from extras to stars, and has been a regular fixture at Goldblatt's "Palace".

Besides being a large factor in club football, "Coop" was Property Man in dramatics and spent his whole time chaperoning ancient candelabras, great stacks of artificial flowers, and other properties out from New York. He had to attend all rehearsals, for although he was not in the cast, all the striking clocks, ringing telephones, and crying babies were in his care. These he handled very dexterously, except on one memorable occasion when, due to a lapse of strict discipline backstage and a consequent upheaval among the stage hands, the telephone rang after it had been answered. Luckily this was during a minor rehearsal, and except for a slight explosion in the coaching box, no serious injuries were reported.

Dave is headed for Syracuse next fall and we feel sure that he will be as much of a success there as he has been at Hackley.

Most Sophisticated

Roger Foss
"Rog"

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.

Entered, Fall of 1923

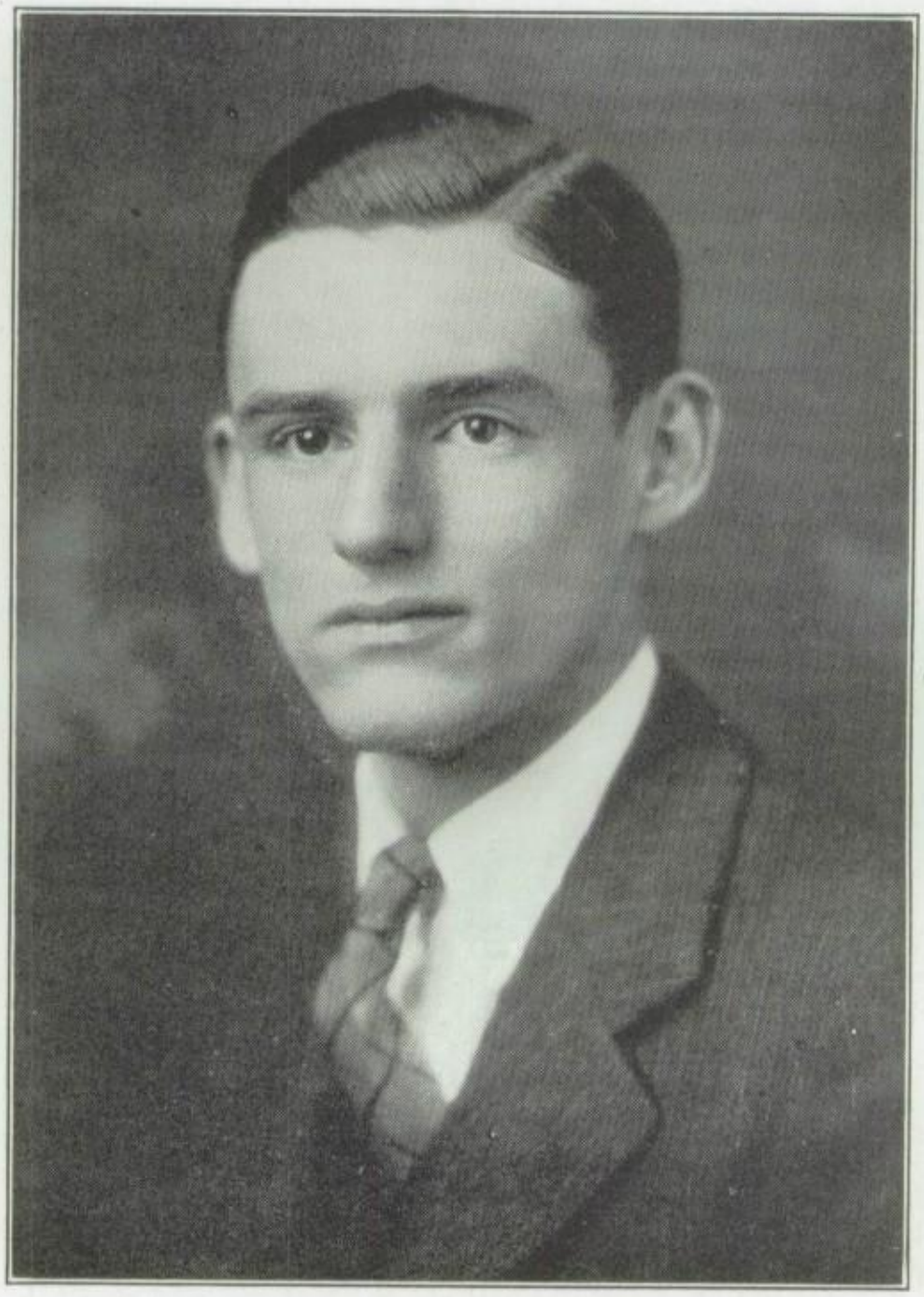
Raymond Club, Vice-President, '26; Club Football, '23, Squad, '24, '25; Club Basketball, '24, '25; Track Team, '24, '25, '26; Stage Crew, '24; Dramatic Club, '26; Usher, '25.

WATCH that blase look? See that bored expression? Well, dear readers, it is none other than Beau Foss, the smooth boy of the Senior Class. His most minute characteristics have been effectively copied by the inferior dandies along the Rialto. Roger came to us two years ago, from Hollywood or one of those other big Western cities, and, although quiet and unobtrusive, immediately made his presence felt on all of us.

While he has been at Hackley he has proved useful as a track man and has gained the hearty approbation of the football squad for having managed with such precision the affairs of the past season. Although Roger has received invitations from the deans of various colleges beseeching him to grace their "campi" with his appealing presence, he has not as yet decided who will be the fortunate dean or which shall be the lucky college.

Outside of a few rather *lengthy* vacations resulting from the pink eye epidemic and a Founder's Day sojourn at the home of a very hospitable fellow-student, Roger has been a very *conscientious* person. We extend to him our sincerest wishes for a world of luck in his college career and in the larger sphere of action that follows it.

Best Drag



BRADFORD GAGE

"Brad"

TARRYTOWN, N. Y.

Entered, Fall of 1919

Raymond Club, President, '26; Club Football, '21,'22, Squad, '23, 24, Team, '25; Club Basketball, '23, '24, Squad, '25; Hockey Squad, '23, '24, '25, '26, Manager, '25, Captain, '26; Club Baseball, '21, '22, '23, Squad '24, '25; Track Team, '24, '25, '26; Stage Crew, "22, '23, '24, '25, '26, Manager, '25, '26; Dramatic Club, '24, '25, '26; Dance Committee, '26; Movie Operator, '26.

AND NOW, dear readers, let us all bow in humble recognition, for there on the opposite page is Brad Gage, the crown prince, and grandfather of our class. It was way back in the dim ages when Brad, a mere stripling, just out of swaddling clothes, entered our ranks, and for eight long years he has stood up under the tasks and trials of school-life. At present he holds the coveted honor of being President of the Raymonds, and is a leading social light of our class. In fact "Braddie", as the girls call him, is not to be equalled when it comes to entertaining or "tripping the light fantastic".

Without a doubt we can devote a new paragraph to Brad's athletic prowess. He plays a winning brand of football, and is an important man on the track team, but his big sport is hockey which he captained, and led thru an enviable season, this year. Brad has also been responsible for the excellent management of the stage during the past two years, and the artistic settings are the result of his ingenious touch. Though he is still undecided, Brad will probably follow in the footsteps of his illustrious father up at Harvard, and we are all sure that, with his present qualifications, he cannot help but succeed, and we take this opportunity to wish him the best of luck.

Best Dressed—Handsomest

Frank Sloan Graves
"Boozy"

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Entered, Fall of 1924

Goodhue Club, President, '26; Football Squad, '24, Team, '25; Hockey Team, '24, '25, '26; Stage Crew, '22, '23, '24, '25, '26, Manager, '25, '26; Secretary and Treasurer, '26; Chairman of Dance Committee, '26.

FOLKS, we're sorry not to be able to show you a full length portrait of Frank in this book, for since he is our best dressed man, we'd love to have you see how his trousers break over his shoetops, and how truly essential are the visible eyelets of his imported brogues. "Boozy" has the distinctive sartorial finesse that immediately classifies him as one of the four hundred thousand—what a beastly mistake,—we meant to say, just plain four hundred—but the four hundred aren't plain, are they?—Oh, well, let's forget it.

Frank came to us last year from Poly Prep and immediately won our favor because of his blithe and chummy personality. He entered the Dramatic Club in his first year and also became a very necessary member of the Hockey team. Since he has become acquainted about town, "Boozy" has been a daily patron of the Goldblatt Palace and a frequenter of Lynch and Graber's soda fountain. He has also filled, in the meantime, the exceedingly difficult job of Secretary of the Dramatic Club. Being Chairman of the Dance Committee he has to drive the women away with a war club. Well, one must remember the words of the immortal Chesterfield who said, "Such popularity must be deserved".

Frank is headed for Princeton this year, where we are sure his popularity will follow him.

Worst Grind

Bernard David Hanighen
"Red"

OMAHA, NEBRASKA

Entered, Fall of 1923

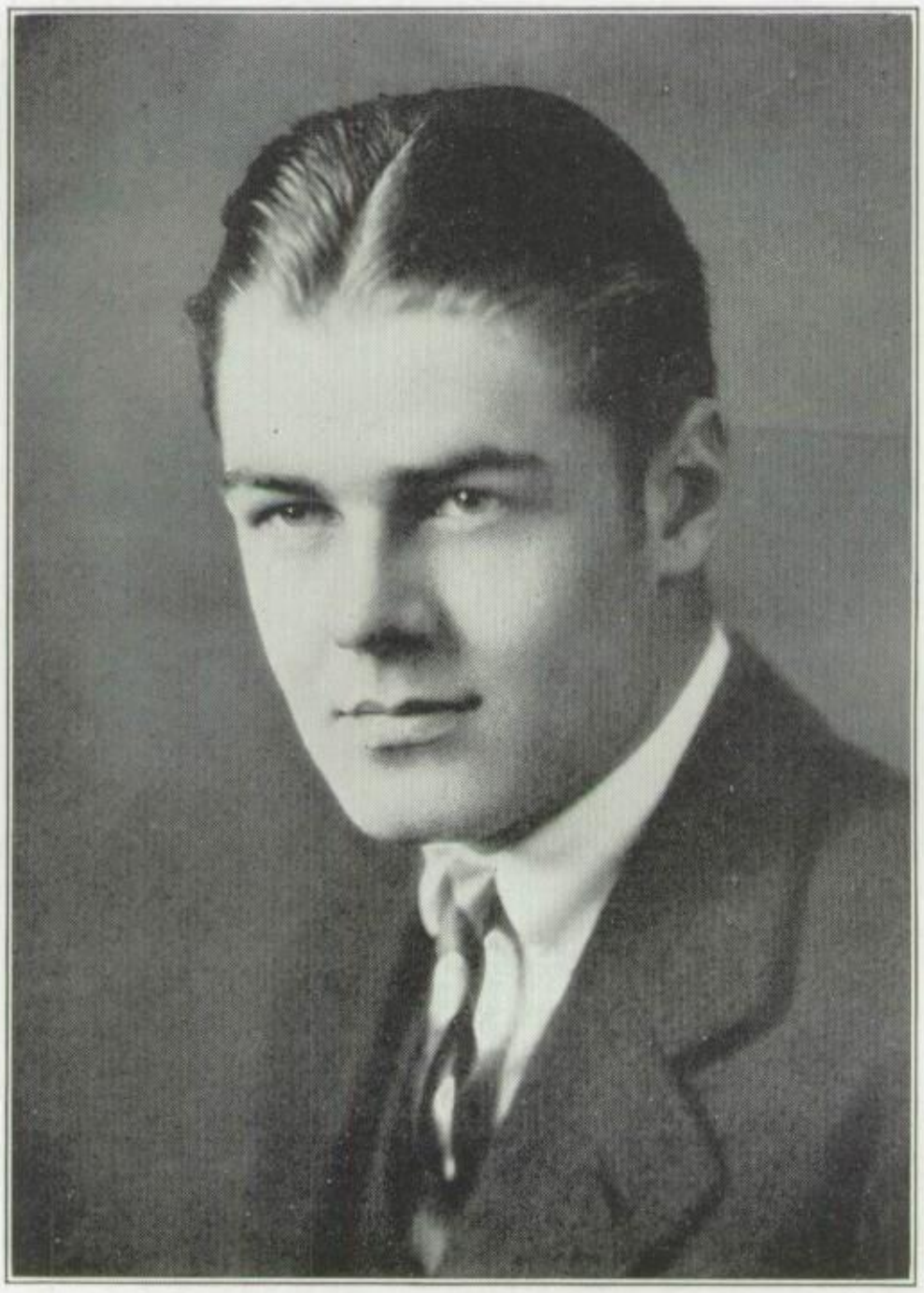
Goodhue Club; Club Football, '23, Team, '25, '26; Club Basketball, '24, '25; Track Squad, '24, '25, '26; Glee Club, '24, '25, '26; Classical Orchestra, '24, '25, '26, Jazz, '24, '25, '26, Leader, '26; Asst. Cheer Leader, '26; Dramatic Club, '25, '26; Dance Committee, '26; Editor of Hackley, '26.

GAZE upon one of the smoothest boys in the class. Really, it's a shame the way the girls fall for this manly young fellow, who hails from Omaha. In addition to being champion lady-killer of Hackley School, Red manipulates a *nifty* fiddle, enabling him to "sit in" with outside orchestras at the dances.

His athletic prowess is not to be passed over. Besides having made his letter for two years and playing left tackle on the football team, he is a rather good high jumper, and much is expected of him this year.

In academic activities he is one of the best, pulling down high marks with no apparent effort. Oh, we forgot his conscientious work on the editorial board of *The Hackley,* which is a large factor in the success of that magazine. Another accomplishment: he is indispensable to the dance committee, helping the other two members considerably by his sparkling personality and large acquaintance among the weaker sex. In fact at any of the dances, whenever he takes a few moments off from playing in the orchestra, he is immediately surrounded by fair damsels, all clamoring for recognition.

Red is headed for Harvard next fall, there to take a course in mechanical engineering, which we are sure he will master. Indeed his versatility and brightness are expected to carry him a long way, and some mention has even been made about a Phi Beta Kappa. Good luck, Red!



ELLIOT JONES

"Ell" *"Jonesy"*

GREENWICH, CONN.

Entered, Fall of 1920

Goodhue Club; Class President, '21, '22, '23, Vice-President, '24, '25, '26; Student Council, '22; Club Football, '23, Squad, '24, Team, '25; Club Basketball, '24,'25; Club Baseball, '22, '23; Track Squad, '24, Team '25, '26; President Athletic Association, '26; Usher, '26.

WHO'S that down on the field throwing the discus? Why, that's Elliott Jones—he is a veritable Achilles at tossing the weights and is just keeping up his form. And speaking of form, he undisputably has the best build in our class. "Ell" entered Hackley in the first class and is one of the few to still be with it, for, altho he takes things somewhat easily, he does anything he undertakes very much to his credit. "There isn't a weapon he doesn't know the use of", and we expect to see him bear off the National Rifle Championship next year. Besides being about the most sincere member of the Senior Class, he is very modest, any remark about his athletic prowess or bulging biceps evoking a growl of displeasure.

He won his football letter last fall, and is the mainstay of our weight department this spring. One would imagine him a rather bashful person, but such is not the case, for he has a decided "penchant" for the ladies and his amorous affairs of late have been wide, varied and successful. Kelly has become decidedly round-shouldered from toting up the Jones' fan-mail, and numerous physical culture magazines have begged him to send them his picture, but Ell is far too modest.

Ell is going to Yale next fall, and we may be sure that he will be a credit to Hackley's ideals.

NEEDS DRAG MOST

JAMES LOVELL LITTLE, JR.
"Jim"

BROOKLINE, MASS.

Entered, Fall of 1924

Goodhue Club; Football Squad, '24, Team, '25; Club Basketball, '24; Hockey Squad, '25, Team, '26; Track Team, '25,'26; Usher, '26; Decorating Committee, '25.

GIRLS, that smooth looking boy on the opposite page is none other than Jim Little. He's one of those fiery lovers from the port called Boston. But if you expect a rise from him you'll have to think fast and act quickly, as he is seriously contemplating a tie-up as a result of his stage door escapades. But we know he Mussen do that.

Other than his social prowess Jim is a talented athlete. He has been outstanding on the school football and hockey teams, and is the school's star mile runner, insuring at least five points in every track meet. He is also an aspirant to motorcycling, but we do not recommend riding with him on his iron steed, as the chances lean strong on a ride home in an ambulance.

During the two short years that Jim has been with us, he has given us no cause for complaint. He has been a good sport in athletics and in school life. He has always found something of interest for us to do in the darkest hours; and above all he is a prince of a roughhouser.

Next fall Jim expects to wear a red feather in his hat and show the boys up at Cambridge just what sort of fellows Hackley puts out. He has always been an ardent Haav'd rooter and it will be unnecessary for us to wish him success in his home town college.

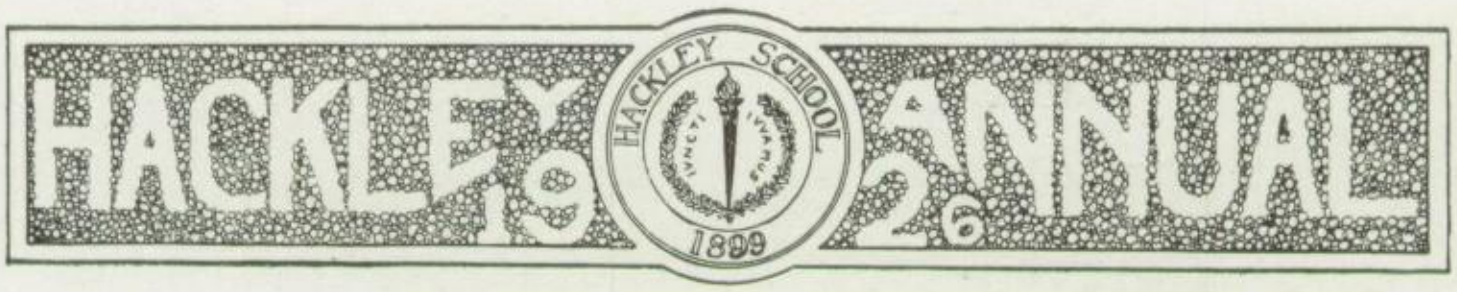
Most Cynical

Edward B. Nisbet
"Ed"

ARDSLEY-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

Entered, Fall of 1923

Raymond Club; Track Squad, '25, '26; Dramatic Club, '25, '26; *Hackley* Board, '25, '26, Editor-in-Chief, '26; Business Manager of Annual, '25, '26.



A PONDEROUS step is heard on the corridor, a door closes and soon arises the staccato click of a smoothly running Corona. And why, perhaps, smoothly running? Well, for one thing its owner, being quite mechanically inclined, knows the why and wherefore of every lever, cog and screw and takes pride, and usually pleasure in keeping this or any other machine in perfect working order. Yes, this dignified *appearing* person is none other than Ed, the man of letters, the humorist, the backbone of *Hackley* publications. Even now he is doubtless involved in turning out new and always creditable pages for *The Hackley,* of which he is the editor. Ed takes time each year to give an admirable interpretation of whatever role he has in the dramatic activities and be it trivial or difficult, (usually the latter) it is faithfully executed with the debonnaire ease of a Barrymore.

During his first year Ed was a "day-boy", and every morning if his noisy and notorious Chevrolet did not loom through the early mist one minute before chapel he would usually swagger into the middle of French Four with a thrilling account of a tailspin or an altercation with Chief Bowles.

Ed has been gracing the corridor, though, for the last two years, and aside from his perpetual good humor, his dry wit never fails to bring a laugh.

After much indecision he has concluded that Princeton is best and we wish him all the success he is sure to find there.

CLASS HOG—TAKES LIFE EASIEST

DONALD LUDLAM PEARSON

"Don"

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

Entered, Fall of 1923

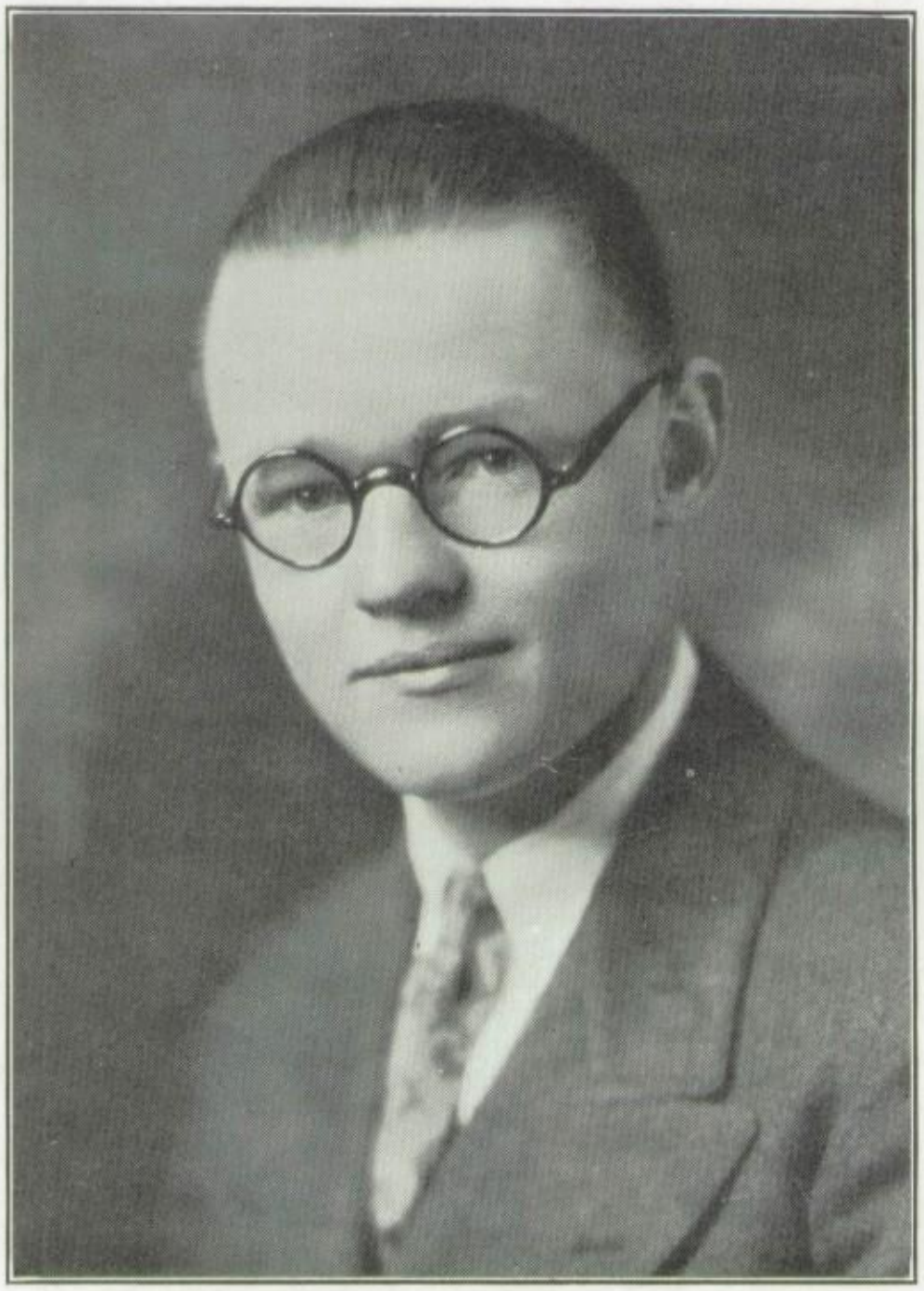
Goodhue Club; Club Soccer, '24, '25; Club Basketball, '24, '25; Baseball Squad, '24, '25; Track Squad, '26; Darkening Committee, '26; ANNUAL Board, '26.

HARK Ye. Disciples of sophistication! Before you is Donald Pearson, one of our worldly wise and scholarly-apt boys. He toiled so strenuously last year, that he made the highest score of the class in the college board exams and consequently has been able to earn for himself this year the distinguished title of "Takes Life Easiest". The metamorphosis was so abrupt that most of us have had a difficult time realizing we've had the same fellow in our midst. When Don is not eating ice cream or reading Hal Adamson's Daily paper, he is doing something else.

Don is one of New York's aborigines and is well acquainted about town. He knows, which streets are one way; how to get the best seats at Gray's Drug Store; how to get from Madison Avenue to Broadway without crossing Fifth and no end of other interesting things.

Don spends many an hour in the poolroom trying his skill at the difficult shots. No doubt he will some day be heard of as a great cuist, for he knows every game from "Kelly Pool" to "Three-Cushion Billiards". He is also responsible for the fact that our venerable table has been bedecked with new rails, etc. Although he has been on the ragged edge more than once he has managed to stick with us, and we are glad. He is on his way to Williams, where he ought to have an easy time of it.

BIGGEST WOMAN HATER—WORST NUISANCE



STEWART FRANCIS PLETCHER

"Pletch" *"Si"*

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.

Entered, Fall of 1923

Raymond Club; Club Football, '25, '26; Soccer, '24, '25, '26; Club Basketball, '24, '25, Squad, '26; Club Baseball, '24, Squad, '25; Track, Squad, '26; Glee Club, '24, '25, '26; Orchestra, '24, '25, '26; Dramatic Club, '25, '26; Darkening Committee, '24.

IS THIS Bobby Jones or Jim Barnes? No, it's "Pletch" leaving for a week-end at The Westchester Biltmore. Last year he was one of the common herd, thumping about the course with a set of clubs almost as ancient and battlescarred as ours, but he returned last January with an outfit that would have filled a "Pro" with longings. His game has now reached the point where he condescends to allow us to accompany him only on rare occasions.

However, "Pletch" does not spend his entire time beating the elusive pill about. Most of the Raymonds' touchdowns last fall can be traced to him, and he is one of "Pop's" stars as well as having been on the basketball squad. No one realized his inherent track ability until he suddenly shot to the fore in the first meet.

Dramatics take up no small part of "Pletch's" time, and this year he enacted two roles with great success. One of them gave his vocal cords undue stress, but they held! Last, but not least, we must mention his musical ability, for he shines as nowhere else when he is behind the business end of his trumpet. Every orchestra that graces a school dance is raised to the *nth* power through his sitting in with them. The trumpet being the *n*.

"Pletch" is heading for Yale, where we expect "great workings" from him.

Rudolph W. Tiedemann

"Rudie" *"Swede"*

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.

Entered, Fall of 1920

Goodhue Club; Treasurer of Class, '20, '21, '22, '23, '24, '25, '26; Student Council, '22, '23; Club Football, '20, '21, '22 Squad, '23, Team, '24, '25; Club Basketball, '21, '22, '23, Squad, '23, Team, '24, '25, '26, Captain, '26; Track Squad, '25; Stage Crew '25; Vice-President, Athletic Association; Annual Board.

RUDIE thinks Hackley is the finest country club on the Hudson. Just ask him! Having been quite overcome last year by the severe discipline of the school, he decided the most peaceful life would be that of a day boy and, consequently, this year he declined to board with us. Although we have very seldom seen Rudie this year, during the regular school day, he has always managed to put in his appearance at the school games and has helped more than once to carry the team through to a victory. Rudie has not only captained the baseball team but has been a sensational player in every sport. His uncanny shots on the basketball court and his football tactics will be remembered and discussed for some time to come.

Rudie intends to enter Cornell this year, where, besides rowing on the crew and blazing scholastic records he will prepare himself for his life as a farmer. Rudie is supposed to be a woman-hater but after seeing the vivacious morsel of femininity that accompanied him at the play dance last year, we have our doubts. At any rate, Rudie has been chosen the class member who will marry first, and we all have our own mental pictures of a farm, a happy couple, and some—Oh, well—Cheerio, Rudie!

Best Natured

KENNETH WEIDA

"Ken" *"Harry"*

READING, PENNA.

Entered, Fall of 1923

Goodhue Club; Club Football, '23, Squad, '24, Team, '25; Club Basketball, '24, '25, Squad, '26; Baseball Squad, '24, '25, '26; Tennis Champion, '23; Glee Club, '24, '25, '26; Classical Orchestra, '24, '25, Jazz, '24, '25; Dramatic Club, '25, '26; ANNUAL Board, '26.

HERE we have Kenneth Weida, perhaps better known as Harry, whose good humor has served as a boon to most of us during the dark hours spent in cramming for exams. Ken is the product of a little Dutch town in Pennsylvania known as Reading and his dialect never ceases to be amusing. Most of his quaint phrases have become the stock expressions of the class. Since he has been with us, Ken has taken an active part in class activities, gracing the Glee Club with a melodious tenor voice and supplying THE ANNUAL with much clever wit. Not only has he made himself useful in these ways but he has also been a constructive member of almost all the athletic teams and has helped the class gain a very enviable reputation.

When one comes upon the Senior corridor, be it night or day, he can always hear our friend Ken, supported by his inseparable companion, Hal Adamson, chanting in close harmony, some passionate love song or ultra-popular jazz piece. All of a sudden they are apt to burst into uproarious laughter, the cause of which is, no doubt, something unusually laugh-provoking on the part of either one. Ken is also rapidly mastering the mysterious and difficult art of clog-dancing, and we may even see him some day as one of the headliners at the Hippodrome.

As a scholar, Ken has, throughout the year, been one of those energetic toilers who have striven to keep the class standing in the good graces of his majesty. Ken intends to enter Yale this fall, where we are sure his buoyancy and likeable personality will gain him many friends.

Sloppiest

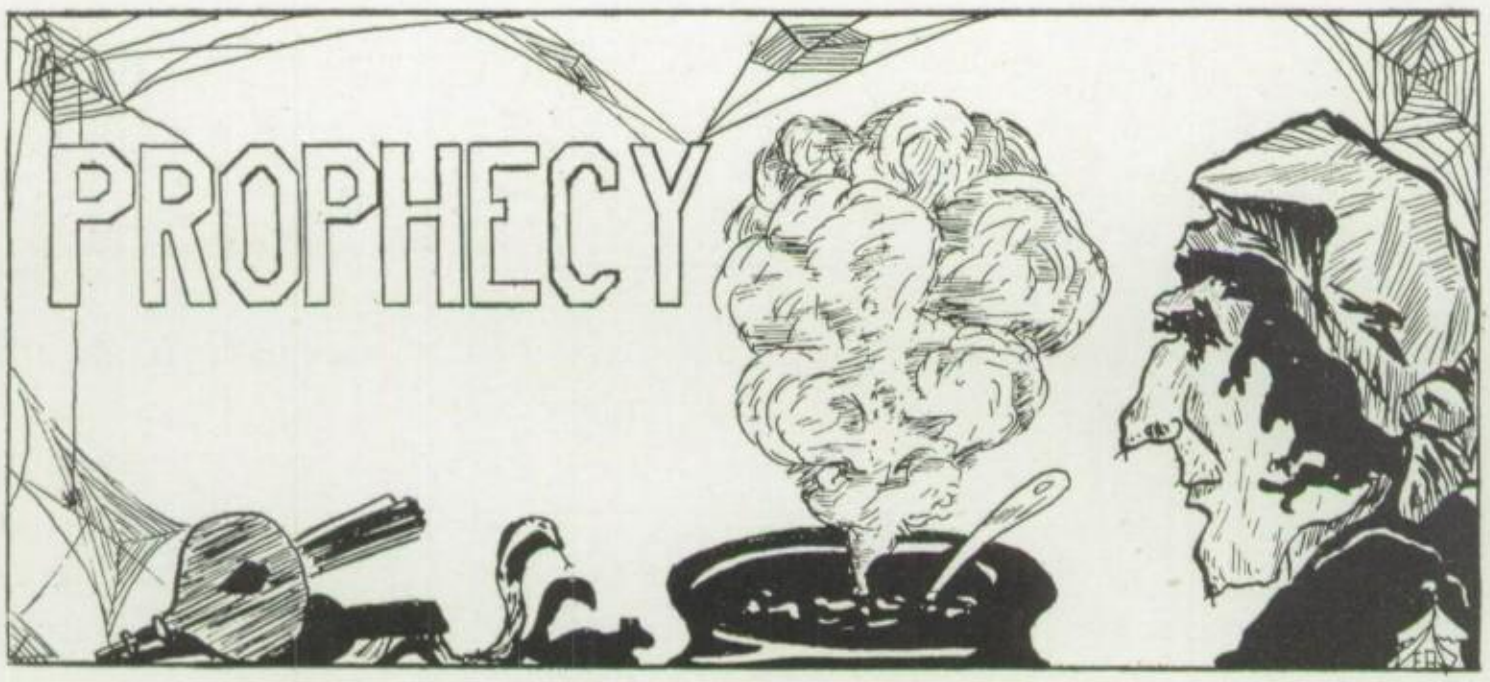
THOMAS DARLINGTON WOODWARD
"Tom" *"Poach"*

TOPEKA, KANSAS

Entered, Fall of 1921

Raymond Club; Club Football, '21, '22, '23, Squad, '24, '25; Club Basketball '22, '23, '24, '25, Manager, '26; Club Baseball, '22; Track Squad, '23, Team, '24, '25, '26; Glee Club, '25, '26; Dramatic Club, '26; *Hackley* Board, '26.

IS IT AN Indian? No, it can't be; it has a derby on! Is it a dude? Gosh, no! It has high boots and snowshoes. Still it does look like an Indian with that funny blanket on. Well, I'll be darned, it's Tom Woodward! One of Tom's chief eccentricities, when he is about school, is the incongruity of his dress. He can arrange certain combinations that would make a crazy quilt look like a fast color. Besides being manager of basketball and a prize chorister, Tom is a past master of the saxaphone and it has been rumored more than once that Tom has plenty of "sax" appeal. On account of his infallible good nature, Tom has become one of the most popular members of our group. Next year he intends to enter Kansas University which is the college of his mother state. Yes, Tom is from Topeka, Kansas. Altho the city has been dropped from the more modern maps one may get a fairly clear idea of its situation by consulting some of Rand McNally's specimens of the late '80's. Besides being the wheat center of the world, Topeka is marked by automobile guides as a good place to detour. However, with Tom as the type inhabitant, we are sure that the town cannot be without some redeeming features and we're all looking forward to dropping in on him during the next few years.



R-R-R-K! Wham! Bz-z-z Ee-e-e!! Hello, folks! Station R.S.V.P. broadcasting from the 98th floor of the Magnate Building, New York. Well, folks, you all know, from the papers that tonight we are going to relay to you, from various cities, just what happened to the members of that famous class of '26, graduated from old Hackley fifteen years ago. First on the list is their President, Robert Carr. Stand by for Trenton, N. J. —Hello, hello,—Trenton broadcasting! We are sorry to have to inform our listeners that Mr. Carr will be unable to speak to you tonight, as he has met with a serious accident. While milking one of his favorite cows, the beast became enraged for some unknown reason and stepped on the poor old man's knee, which you know has always troubled him since his Hackley days. We should like to say, though, that Mr. William Rudolph Tiedemann, Mr. Carr's very close friend, is attending the needs of his old crony, in spite of the protests of Madelin, Mr. Tiedemann's wife.

Station R.S.V.P. broadcasting! We shall now tell you of those members of '26 who live in New York. First comes the Honorable Edward Nisbet. Although in the ministry, he is also a sportsman, and enjoys motoring from country to country in his now monoplane. He is at present in the vicinity of the South Pole, but we expect him back at any minute.

We should mention Donald Pearson now, for the two were always great friends. True to his reputation in Hackley as being the

one "who takes life easiest", Donald is now somewhere in South America, leading the life of a "gentleman hobo".

Ladies and gentlemen, if you tune in at about ten o'clock you will hear our special program relayed from the "Dark Pussy", that famous rendezvous of Hal Adamson's. Mr. Adamson has been able to acquire the services of Furry Pletcher's orchestra. It is also rumored that Davy Bernard Hanighen, the great violinist from the "open spaces", will play a few pieces with the orchestra.

One of the most successful members of that illustrious class of '26, is Richard Wilmot Comstock. He left Newark in 1936 and from that time till the present, the city has steadily been decreasing in wealth and prosperity. On the other hand, the City of New York, Mr. Comstock's present home, has picked up remarkably under the influence of the great business head of this famous financier.

We are sorry to inform any Hackley grads that may be listening in, that there are two members of '26 who have gone upon the rocks of temptation, and have been carried from crime to crime on the wings of fate until now they are both safely disposed of in Sing Sing. The first of these, Handsome Frank Graves, is said to have been mixed up in a love triangle. All was well till Frank's uncontrollable passions got the best of him, and he hot the lady's husband. The other, Dave Cooper (alias Questioning Coop), sold Florida Real Estate with a trifle too much zest. He had high ambitions but the wrong technique.

You may see, at any time of the day, Beau Foss, standing in front of his Fifth Avenue Shop, attracting members of both sexes by his exact interpretation of the latest style in clothing. Although weak with age and entirely bald, Mr. Foss still grooms and cultivates the few white hairs on his upper lip that were his pride and joy at Hackley.

Elliott Jones, formerly of Greenwich, and at one time a war loving man, is now, we are happy to tell you, the proud father of a family of six—all girls. He is in the munition business and seems to be very well off.

We have just heard that Professor Gage, of Harvard and Oxford, has taken over the work of his father, and will be found at Tarrytown-on-Hudson with the "Crown" on his head.

James Little, of Boston and Paris, was last seen at Aurora, Texas, headed for the Mexican border accompanied by C. C. Peyton, the dispeller of gloom. Nothing has been heard from him since.

The last of the Easterners is jolly old Ken Weida, the Pennsylvania Dutchman. He has been on Keith's circuit for years, and is known for never having started a performance without beer and pretzels beforehand.

Now, friends, please stand by for Cleveland, Ohio——Hello! Station Q.R.S. on the air. We have learned what three members of the class of '26 are now doing, and we have been requested to tell you about them tonight. The first, Mr. Brophy of Chicago, spent ten years of his life, after graduating from Hackley, in trying to get out of college (or was it in?). After at last "reappearing" from Harvard Law School, Mr. Brophy at once became a professional gambler, and was known as "Bull" Brophy in all the low dives of both Chicago and Battle Creek. He has entirely reformed now, and has started to look for the "right one".

Tommy Woodward has become famous in Indianapolis as an automobile racer and he is expected to win the International Sweepstakes this week.

The last of the illustrious group. Mr. John Brayton is now President of the Jordan Motor Car Company, besides being the owner of the Cleveland Ball Club.

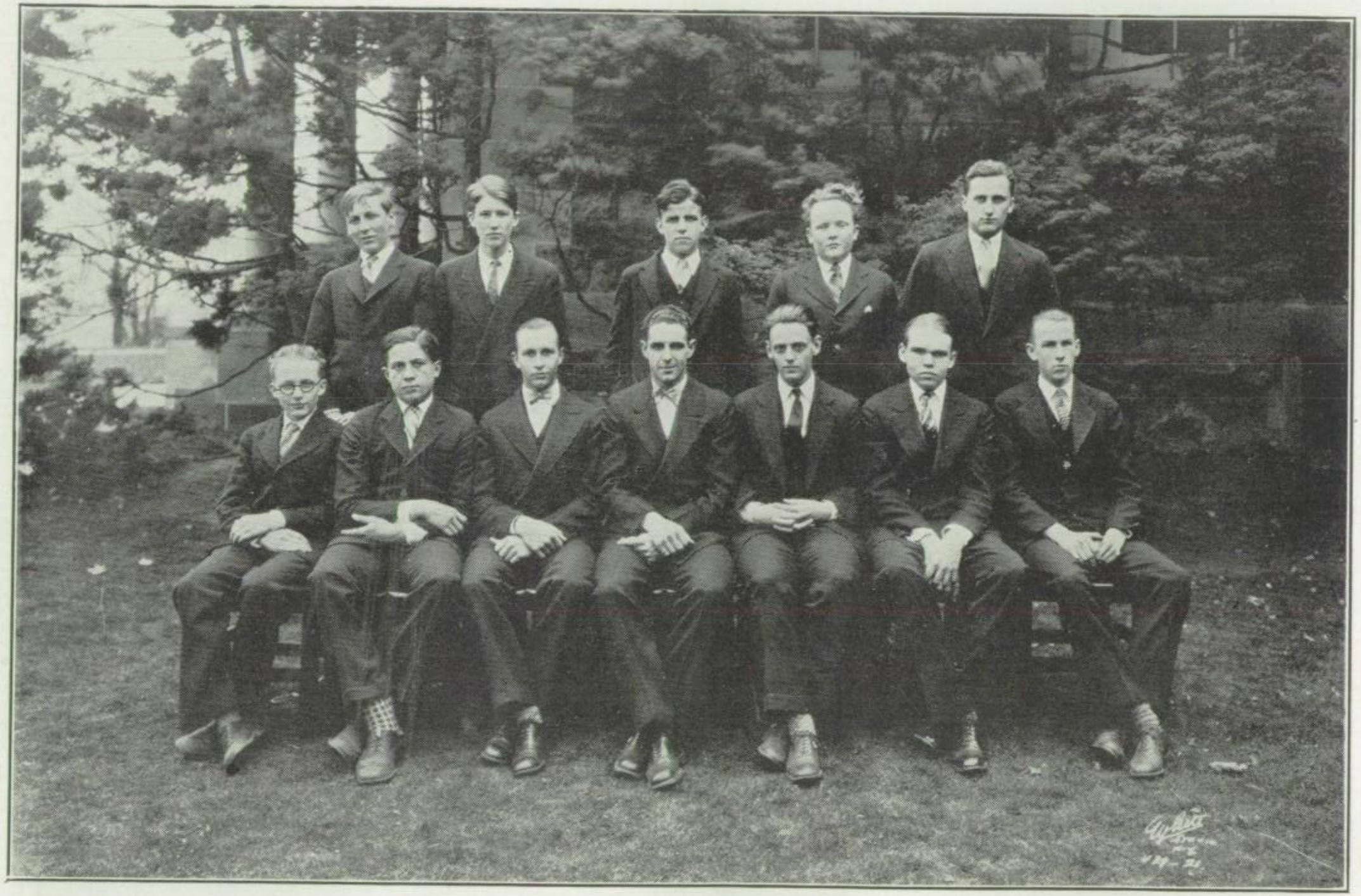
This completes the list, ladies and gentlemen, and we shall now broadcast an hour of dance music from the "Dark Pussy Club" —You will hear our announcer from there next—please stand by.

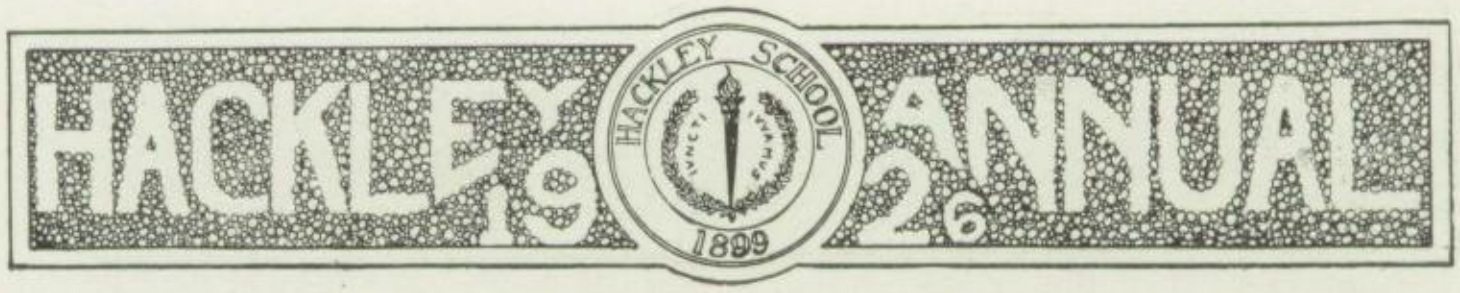
THE

Juniors

1927

— BLM —





CLOSE on the heels of the illustrious Senior Class comes the down-trodden, brow-beaten Class of Twenty-seven. Although we are really very angelical and peace-loving, we seem to get blamed for everything that goes wrong, and the only thing the Faculty agrees on is that we ought to be spanked. Nothing daunted, we are trying to live down our evil reputation and by diligent effort we have already succeeded in so far as to have obtained our long-sought-for down-town permission.

"Fawa" "Windy" Anger heads the list of young reprobates. When not stepping out in the big city, discoursing on the value of dancing for exercise, or getting laid up with the dread "pink-eye", "Angry" spends a few leisure hours with us and is one of our most agreeable companions.

"Ed" Beattie, the undisputed class "bright-boy", carries a great deal of weight about school. His profound mental capacity has enabled him to lead the class for the past four years with little or no competition, although we have yet to see him crack a book. "Ed" is also an artist of no mean repute, and does most of the drawing for THE ANNUAL.

"Russ" Belfield is one of our best athletes and stars on the football and baseball teams, besides being captain of next year's hockey team. Although "Blotto", as he is affectionately called, is subject to breakdowns, and although his feet are always very much in evidence, we all like him and expect great things of him. "Blotto" is his own advertising manager.

A loud guffaw, a stale joke, a flash of new dollar bills, and enter Mr. George Franklin Comstock Brown. Besides being one of our biggest assets, this gentleman keeps us amused with his rich store of humor. His greatest pleasures are in haranguing an appreciative audience on how the school is going to be run, and inventing ways to get his spondoolix out of the bank. His latest method of putting school checks into circulation is considered unique by the King, who says that only the mind of a ten-year-old child could devise it.

"Rufe" Dryer is the class business man. He will be business manager of *The Hackley* next year, and is also class treasurer. The latter job keeps him busy hounding his many debtors. He takes an active part in dramatics and is always a big success in the plays.

"Ed" Duryee is, in a way, the most popular lad in the class, because his name is at the tip of everyone's tongue. Anyone who cannot pronounce "Duryee" in the latest fashion is considered "de trop". For further details see I. Burlingbaum who has mastered the various degrees of pronunciation and intonation. One of the most remarkable features of this callow youth is the fact that he is immune to starvation. "Ed" will manage next year's basketball team. No, he is not "Wee-Hyde's" father, although he tries to exert parental authority over his erstwhile room-mate.

"Cow-hide" and "Raw-hide" go together (with apologies to each). "Kibby" Hyde is the only one of us who is musically (?) inclined, and there is great weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth when he starts wheezing away at his poor, misused saxaphone. Well versed in the ins and outs of Manhattan, good-natured, and well-dressed, poor "Kibby" has never quite recovered from the shock of being third in the class averages. WOW!! His namesake, alias "Wee Hyde", is the class baby as he has barely attained the ripe old age of fourteen, a true child prodigy. If it weren't for his attempts at being a wiseacre, he would be tolerable, but many is the time he has had to be squelched for his vile puns. When not in a playful mood he is well-liked, however. He will manage the hockey team next year.

No, that isn't a hen cackling but only Kittredge reciting his daily lesson. Every time he gets a cold we hope it's his voice changing, but as yet luck has been against us. It serves him in good stead in the plays, however, where he takes the leading feminine parts with great success. "Kitty" is next year's football manager.

Henry Gorsline is "Kitty's" room-mate and joins with him in hatred of womankind in general. He stars on the hockey team and

acted as manager for the past season. "Goosy" is very good-natured and usually wears a broad grin on his countenance. And, oh, those midnight orgies! Poor Brown!

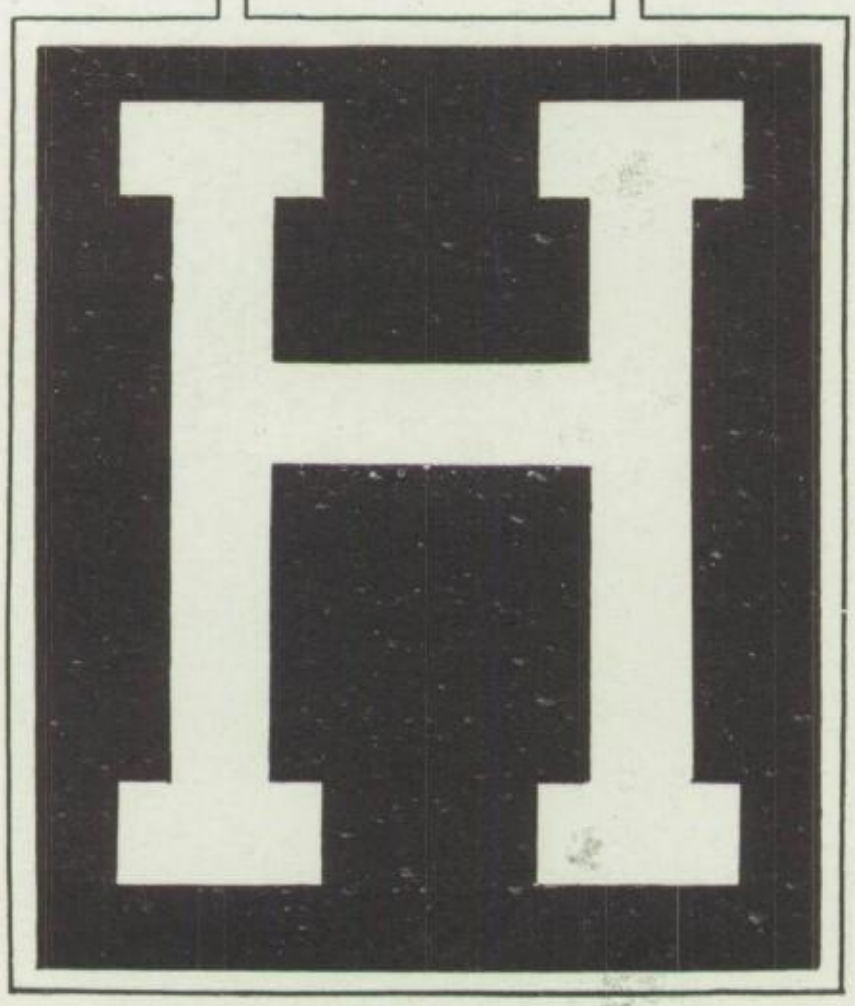
Now we come to the class "he-man", Mr. Walter John Purvis, Jr., more commonly known as "Giles" or "Purv". He is a four letter man, boasting "H's" in football, baseball, basketball and track, and is captain-elect of football and basketball. Quite an array of honors for a little fellow, but he bears up bravely under the load, and is our most popular member, both with us and the Faculty. Needless to say he is President of the class and exerts a gentle but firm restraining influence over our youthful enthusiasm. His chief duty in the latter capacity is to put us to bed at ten and then stay up all night himself.

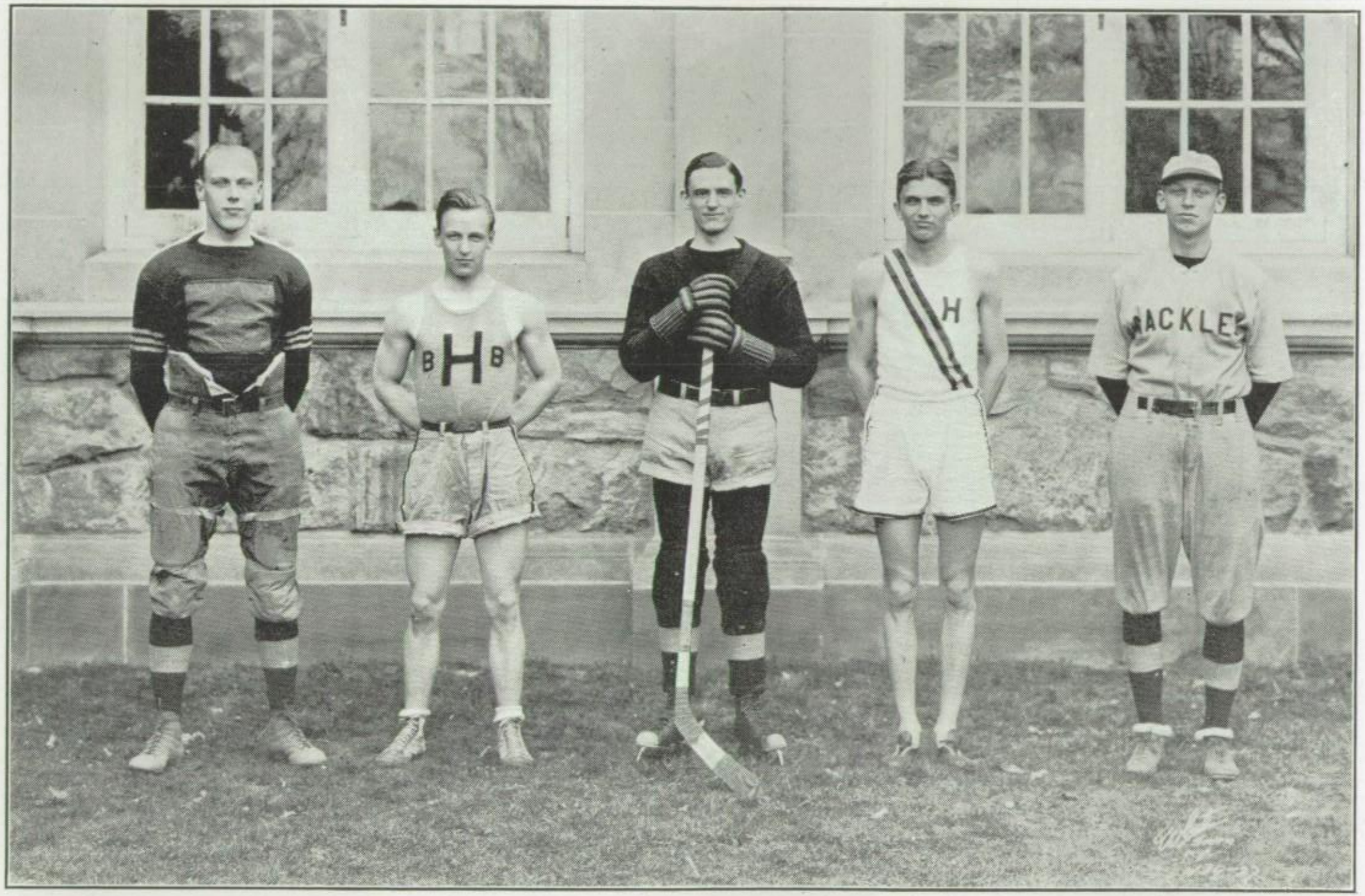
"Rog" Williams joins with "Purv" in trying to make us grow up! (Although he's no mean roughhouser himself!) He is our star pitcher and will probably captain the team next year, swings a deadly tennis racket, and shines on the football and basketball squads. Besides his athletic prowess he is one of our best scholars, and seldom falls below the first three in rank.

A medley of queer noises, a vociferous bellow, a loudly uttered "Red hot", and who should we have but Burlingham (himself). He is slated for Editor-in-Chief of *The Hackley* next year and will also be business manager of THE ANNUAL. "Baum's" greatest abilities lie in getting in dutch with the Faculty, umpiring baseball games, and debating on the doubtful merits of the glorious City of Syracuse.

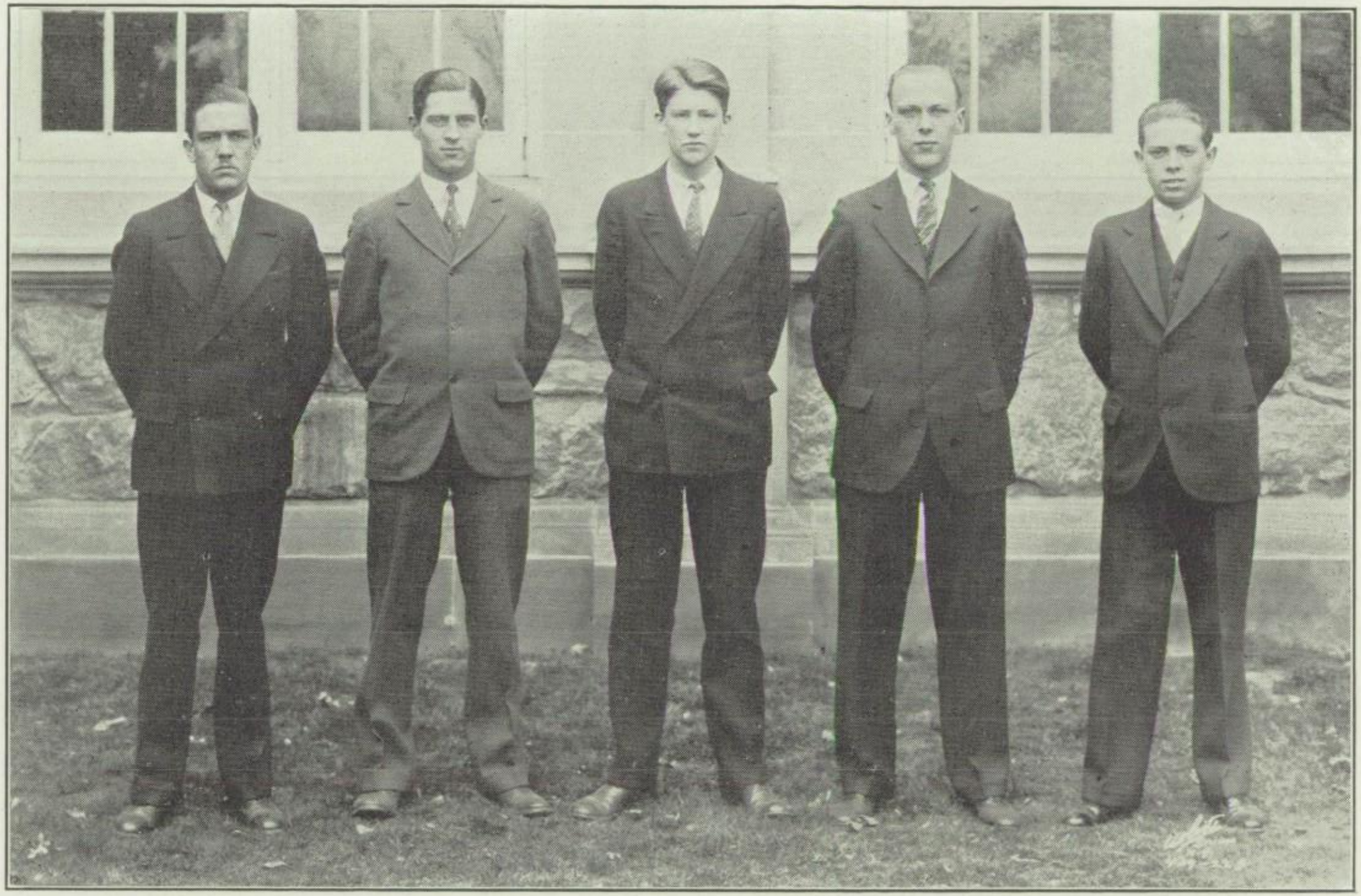
The class has suffered two severe losses in the withdrawal of Messrs. Vale and Holden. "Gil" Vale is the kind who will always keep a place in our hearts. He was quite, good-natured, and in every way an asset to the class. "Gloomy" Holden, on account of his infallible good nature, will always be missed by the class and our sincerest wishes are extended for success in his new school.

ATHLETICS

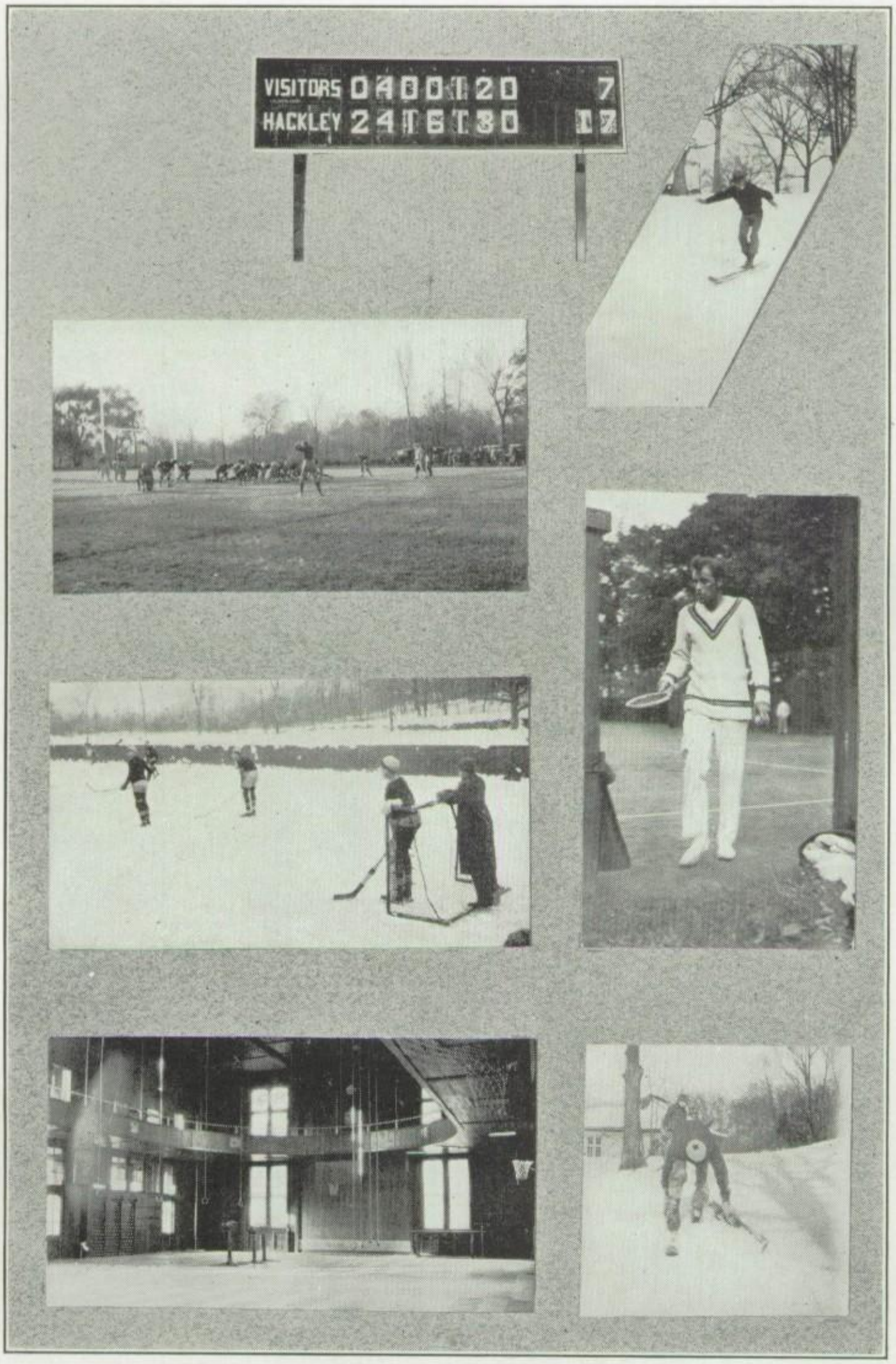




The Captains



The Managers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FOOTBALL

H
1923

FOOTBALL

ON SEPTEMBER 28th, in response to Captain Brayton's call for football candidates, twenty-nine men reported, and intensive practice and coaching began immediately. From the scant and inexperienced material on hand it was very evident that Hackley was severely handicapped in weight, so Coach Butler determined to mould a fast and shifty team, which would depend more on aerial attack and delayed end runs than on the smashing and battering style of football.

With less than two weeks' practice Hackley lined up against Washington Irving High School for her first game. It resulted in a 7 to 7 deadlock, but this score does not do justice to our team, for Hackley clearly outplayed its opponents in every department of the game. Moreover, in several practice games against the same team held later in the season we virtually overwhelmed them.

On October tenth, in her second game of the season, Hackley met her first defeat at the hands of Riverdale, by the score of 20-0. The game was played in a high wind, which made forward passing futile, and was marred by frequent fumbles and penalties. The clean and vigorous tackling of Captain Brayton and Purvis was a somewhat redeeming feature.

Our third game of the season, with St. Paul's school was cancelled. Needless to say, Mr. Butler, his team, and the entire student following were sorely disappointed over this, for all were confident that Hackley would atone for its defeat of the preceding year.

The fifth annual game, with Newton Country Day School, resulted in a decisive victory for Hackley. Displaying its best form up to date, Hackley, through the brilliant generalship and headwork of Purvis and the dazzling end runs executed by Carr, rolled up a score of 25 and held her opponents to a lone touchdown. After the game, the team was awarded excellent seats to the Harvard-Dartmouth game, held at the Harvard Stadium.

On October thirty-first we followed up this victory with a well-earned decision, over the Mohegan Lake School of Peekskill. In this game Hackley showed her superiority throughout and, though Mohegan fought gamely, held her scoreless while gaining seven points.

Perhaps the best game of the season was that played against Horace Mann in New York. We entered the field outweighed by more than twenty pounds to the man, and opposed, beyond doubt, by a much more powerful team. However, soon after the opening whistle, the faster Hackley team scored on a forward pass, and held the lead throughout three quarters. Then weight began to tell, and the tide turned in favor of Horace Mann. In this game the Hackley line on three occasions held their opponents within the one-yard line. The final score was 22-7 in favor of Horace Mann and marks Hackley's first defeat by this school in nineteen years.

The last game, with our ancient rival Morristown, proved to be a big disappointment for Hackley's rooters. At the start Hackley seemed bewildered, and before we could get going Morristown had forged to the front and was thenceforth never to be headed off. Perhaps, however, as the score might indicate, Hackley was faced on this occasion by a superior team.

Among the players, Purvis at quarterback was the outstanding star. He played an aggressive, steady brand of football; his confident generalship and fighting spirit spurring the team to victory innumerable times. So capably did he fill his position that he has been elected to captain the team of 1926, and THE ANNUAL takes this opportunity to wish him the best of luck for a successful season.

At fullback Captain Brayton played admirably. His splendid tackling and defensive tactics would be a great asset to any team, while his powerful drives through the line often gave Hackley the margin it lacked for a touchdown.

Carr, a seasoned veteran, at left halfback, was clever at deception, alert and sure on the defense, and fast and sure-footed when called upon to skirt the ends or slash through tackle.

The right halfback position was well filled by Gage and Little. The former was a sure ground-gainer in a broken field, and an excellent kicker, while the latter was better on the defense.

Brophy, at center, played this difficult position with a great deal of skill. Although not a sensational player, Bill did more for the line than any other individual. His passing was excellent, and his work as roving center on the defense balked many line plunges, passes and end runs.

Hanighen and Weida filled the tackle positions creditably. The former rarely failed to tear open a hole for our fleet-footed backs, while the latter, though a new man, could always be depended upon for hard and consistent work.

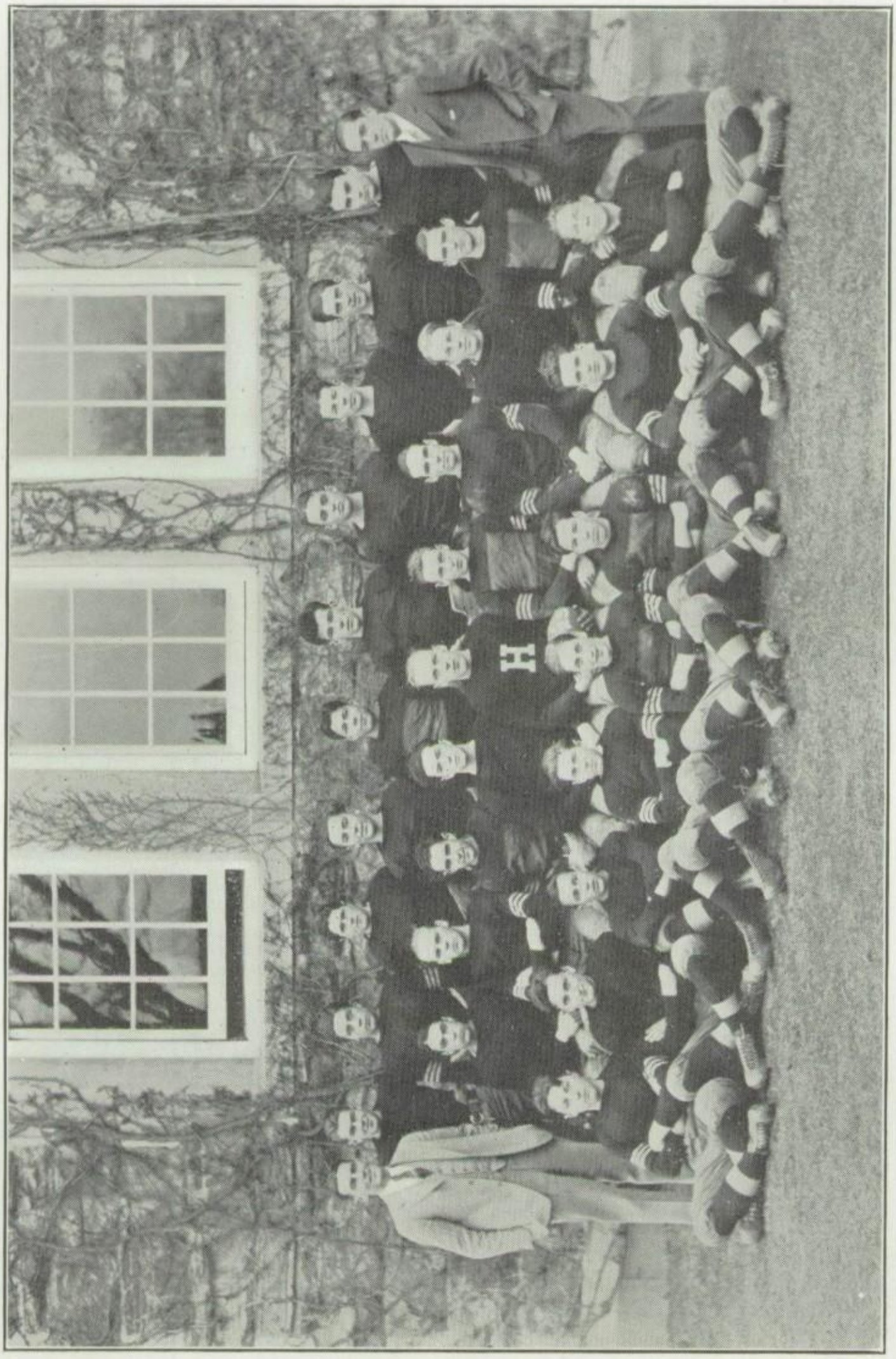
The two guards were Graves and Shippee. Although new men they learned quickly and their playing was effective and reliable. The latter will return next year.

Bockwinkel proved the greatest player of the new men and shows great promise of becoming one of Hackley's stars in the future. He scored many touchdowns and seemed able to take any amount of punishment.

Tiedemann, at right end, was the most sensational player of the entire team. His forward pass catches afforded many thrills for the grandstand. Inslee and Jones took the left end position alternately and played well.

Last, but not least, come the subs. To these THE ANNUAL extends its sincerest compliments for the part they played in the making of the team. Though seemingly insignificant, their task was not a small one, and when looking back upon the success of the season they should by no means be forgotten.

In conclusion, the football squad wishes to extend its heartiest thanks to Mr. Butler and to his assistant Mr. Harry Cook for the highly appreciated time and labor that they spent in behalf of the team.



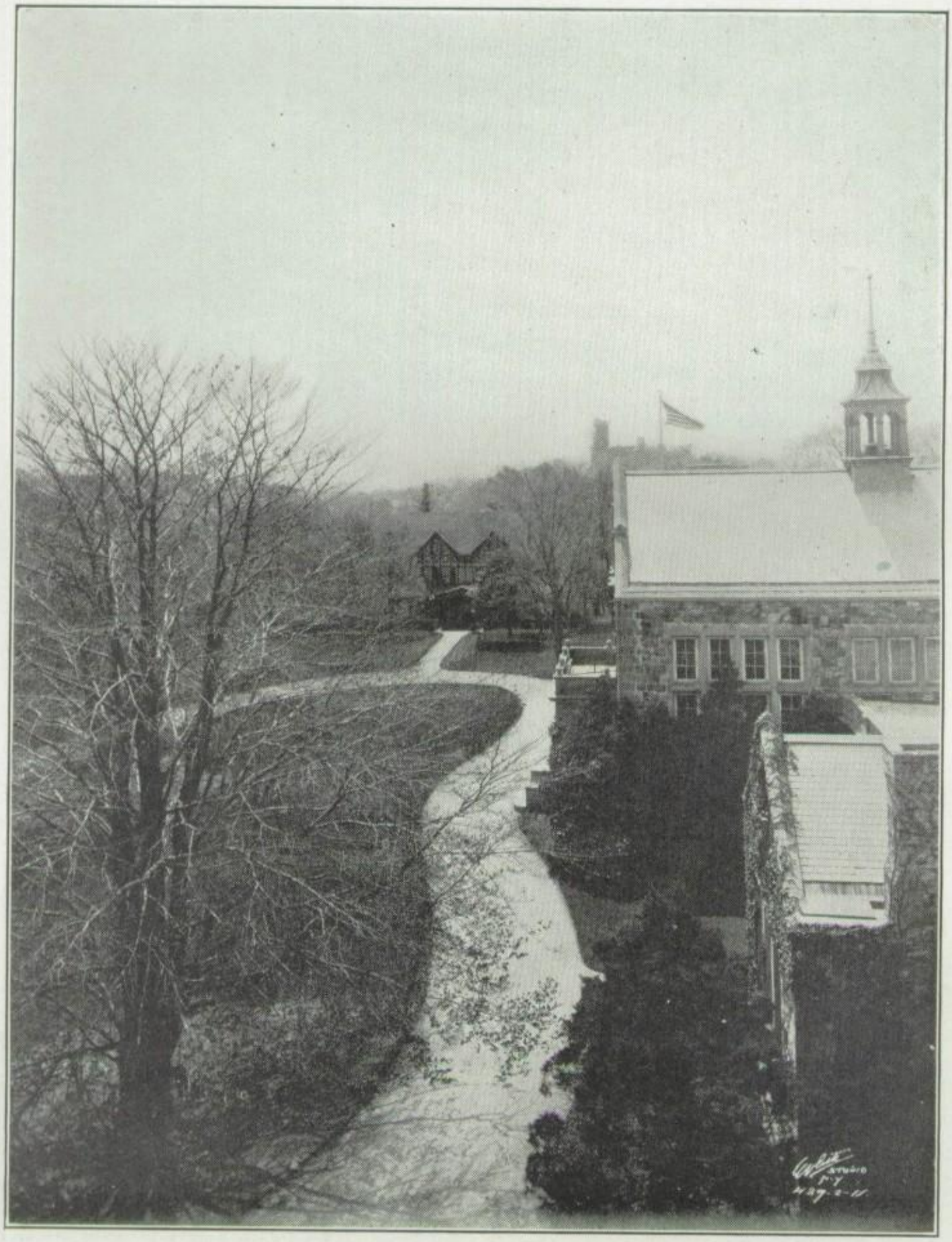
STATISTICS OF FOOTBALL LETTER MEN—1925

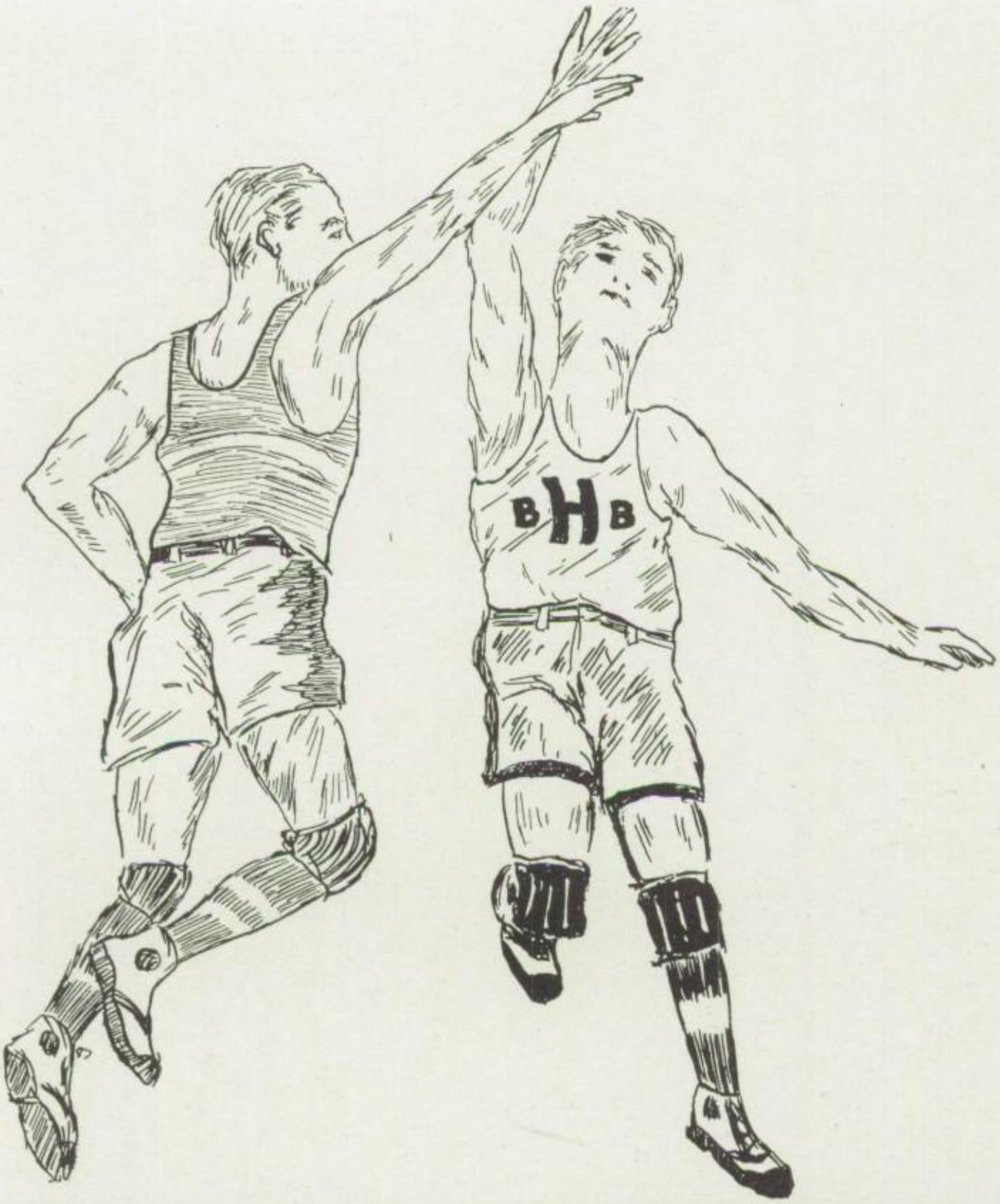
	Weight	Height	Age	Position	No. of Games
Belfield	155	5′ 8.5″	16	R.G.	6
Bockwinkle	148	5′ 8″	16	L.H.B.	6
Brayton	150	6′	18	F.B.	6
Brophy	148	6′	18	C.	5
Carr	135	5′ 6″	17	L.H.B.	6
Day, R.	175	6′ 2″	16	L.G.	5
Graves	135	5′ 11″	18	L.G.	6
Gage	145	5′ 10″	19	R.H.B.	5
Hanighen	160	6′	17	L.T.	6
Inslee	130	5′ 7.5″	17	L.E.	4
Jones	147	5′ 7.5″	17	L.E.	4
Little	135	5′ 11″	17	R.H.B.	6
Purvis	145	5′ 8″	18	Q.B.	6
Shippee	180	5′ 9.5″	15	L.G.	6
Tiedemann	149	5′ 11″	16	R.E.	6
Weida	150	5′ 10.5″	18	R.T.	6
Average	149.2	5′ 10″	17 yrs.		

FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

J. C. Brayton, Captain — Roger Foss, Manager

Oct. 3—At Tarrytown	Hackley	7	Wash. Irving H.S.	7
Oct. 10—At Tarrytown	Hackley	0	Riverdale	20
Oct. 17—At Garden City	Hackley	1	St. Paul's	0
Oct. 24—At Newton	Hackley	25	Country Day	7
Oct. 31—At Tarrytown	Hackley	27	Mohegan Lake	0
Nov. 6—At New York	Hackley	7	Horace Mann	22
Nov. 13—At Tarrytown	Hackley	0	Morristown	24
	Total	67		80





BASKETBALL

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BASKETBALL

THE 1926 basketball season has more than fulfilled the predictions of the early part of the year. After losing the first three games, the team braced up and won all but two of the remaining ten. There were three letter men of last year who easily retained their positions, and the other places were filled by new material. It was not till late in the season that the team showed any of the training and coaching Mr. Butler had tried to instill in it.

The schedule started rather later than last year's, the first game being played on January fifteenth, a week after Christmas vacation.

Purvis, who has played on the team for four years, was a brilliant roving guard. At this position, he not only was a good defense man, but also was one of the high scorers. "Purv" is captain-elect of next year's team, and through his leadership Hackley ought to have a very successful season.

The other guard was filled for a time by Tiedemann, who later changed to left forward. Rudie was a good floorwalker and a fast man. He was our best point-getter, and highest scorer at the end of the year.

When Tiedemann moved up to forward position, Bockwinkel shifted to stationary back. Here he filled this difficult position extremely well for his height and size. George is a hard worker and a fighter, and will undoubtedly prove himself a great asset to next year's team.

Comstock, at center, excelled in this position. His greatest accomplishment was in breaking up plays, and sinking shots from the middle of the floor. His position will be hard to fill next year.

"Bobbie" Carr, the Captain, and the right forward, was a most important factor in every game. His speed and ability to dribble through his opponents aided us materially. The season's success certainly gives Bob a great deal of credit.

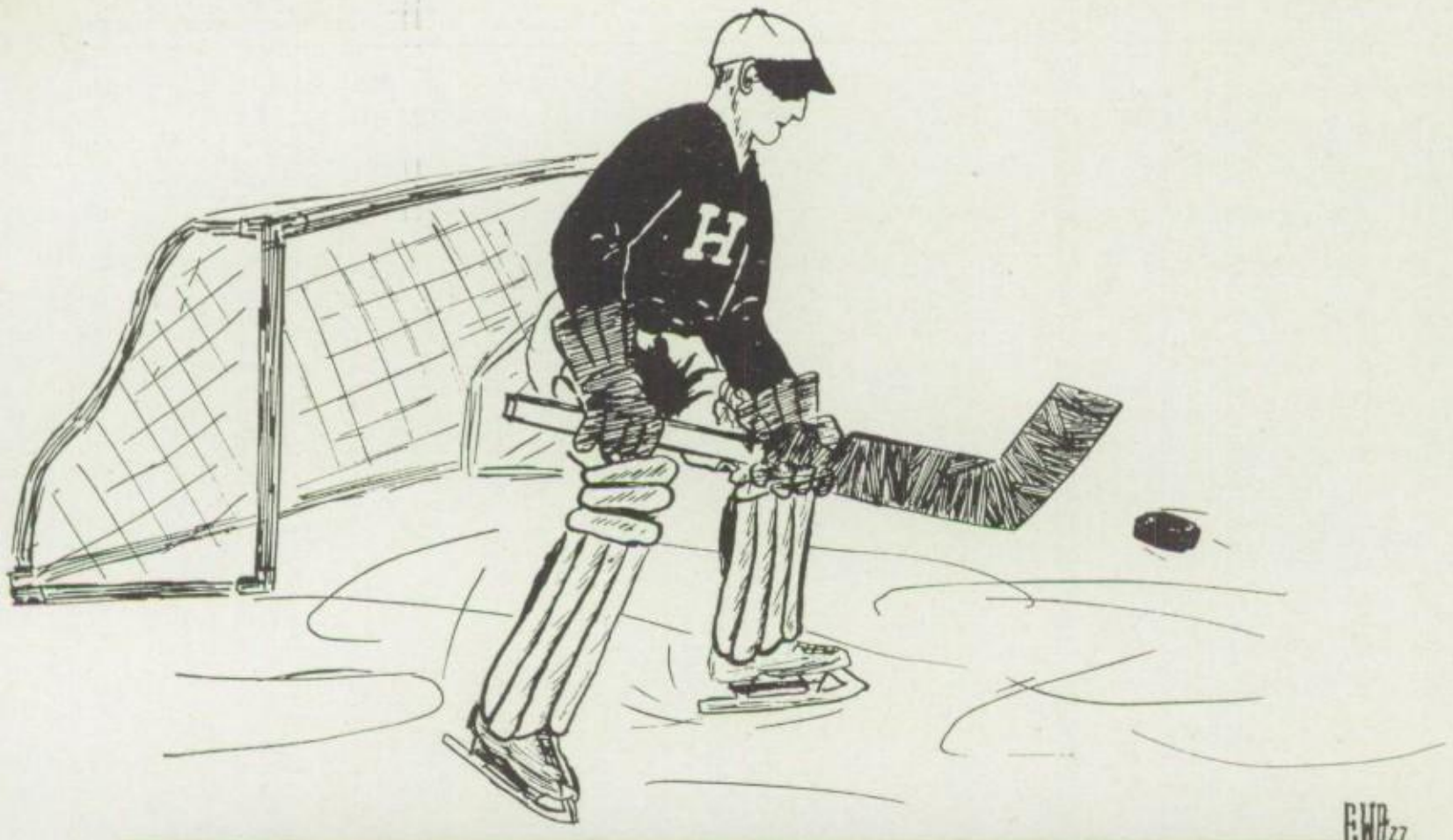
With the return of the two guards and Appleton, a letter man of '25, who was unable to play on account of illness, the prospect is good for a successful season next year. However, any success we obtain in this sport is directly due to Mr. Butler's keen interest and coaching.

	Height	Weight	Age
Carr	5′ 6″	135	18
Tiedemann	6′	150	17
Purvis	5′ 8″	145	19
Comstock	6′	135	18
Bockwinkel	5′ 8″	150	16
Average	5′ 9½″	143	17

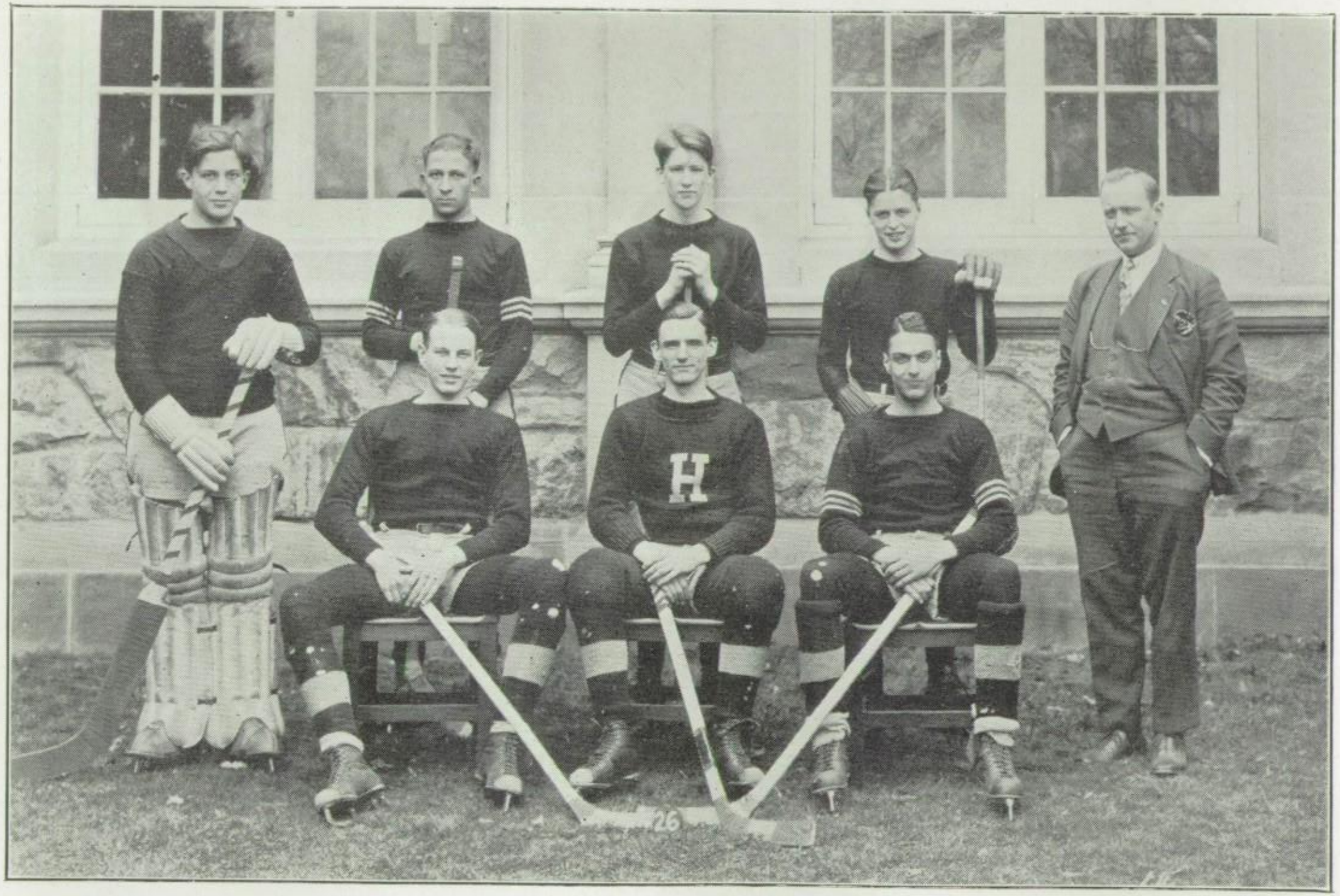
BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

Robert E. Carr, Capt. Thomas D. Woodward, Mgr.

Jan. 15—At home	Hackley	25	Scarsdale H. S.	26
Jan. 23—At New York	Hackley	15	Collegiate	28
Jan. 27—At home	Hackley	33	Polytechnic Prep.	38
Jan. 30—At Mohegan Lake	Hackley	24	Mohegan Lake	19
Feb. 3—At home	Hackley	30	Scarborough	21
Feb. 6—At home	Hackley	14	Horace Mann	33
Feb. 10—At home	Hackley	30	Faculty	27
Feb. 13—At New York	Hackley	27	Barnard	26
Feb. 19—At home	Hackley	72	DeMotte	9
Feb. 24—At Garden City	Hackley	18	St. Paul	27
Feb. 26—At home	Hackley	51	Allen Stevenson	22
Mar. 3—At home	Hackley	29	Riverdale	21
Mar. 6—At home	Hackley	23	Morristown	22



HOCKEY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HOCKEY

THE HOCKEY season this year was most successful, thanks mostly to the capable coaching of Mr. Young. Out of ten games, the team won six, lost three, and tied one.

Brad Gage, one of the most experienced players, captained the team in a highly creditable manner. His aggressiveness as well as his defensive playing made him most valuable.

Jim Little, the other defense man, and one of the fastest skaters, played "heads up" hockey throughout the season. It was his skillful playing at a decisive moment in the Mamaroneck game that gave us victory, 1-0. Both these men will graduate this year, leaving serious gaps in the team that will be hard to fill.

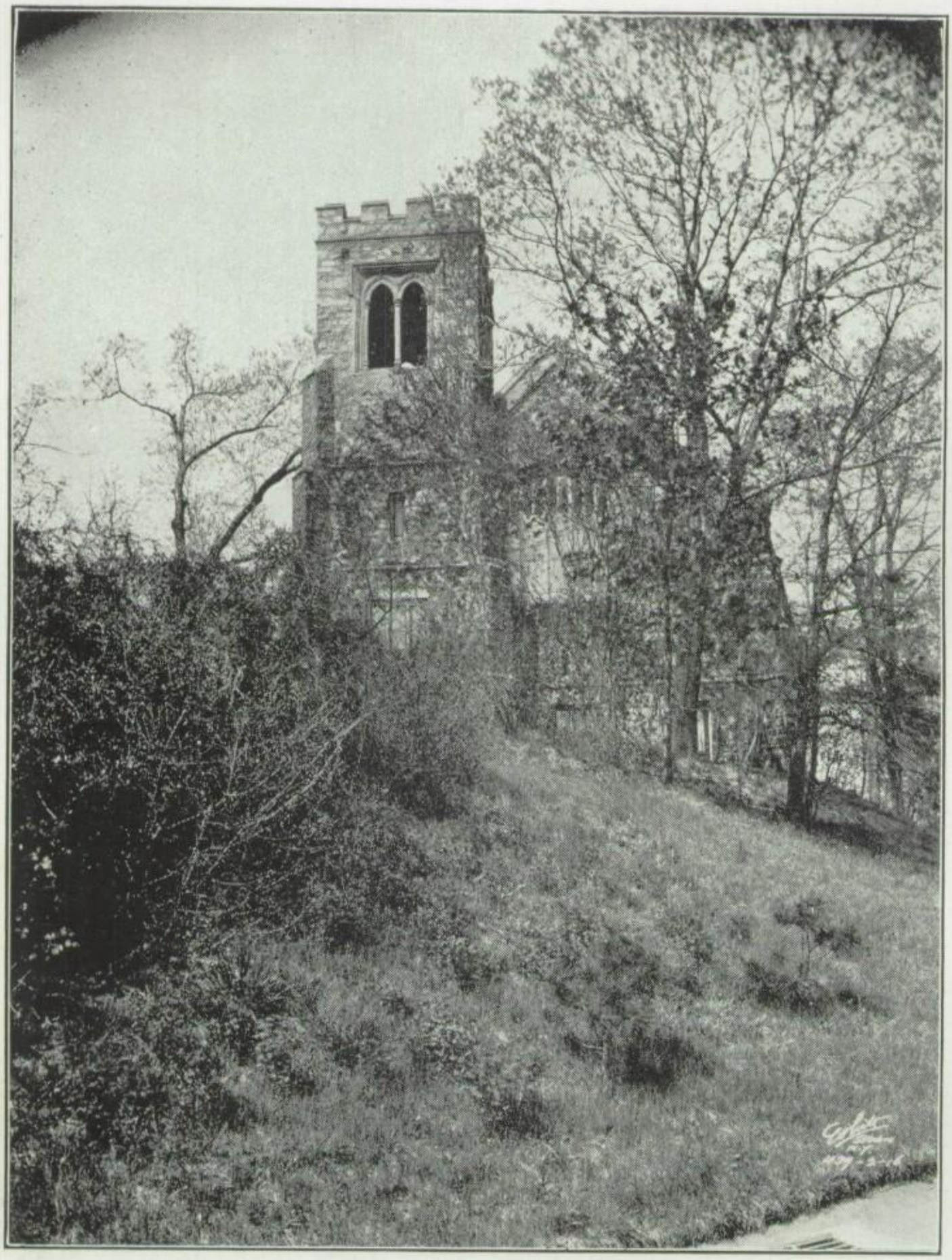
Graves at right wing played remarkably well in every game. His accurate passing accounted largely for our victory over Storm King, 9-0. Frank possessed the fastest shot on the team, and made good use of it during the season. It will take a really good hockey player to fill his shoes capably next year.

"Russ" Belfield, who was elected captain because of his remarkable playing this year, well deserves the honor conferred upon him. In every game he played extremely well and made a name for himself as being one of the best schoolboy goal guards in New York.

Gorsline, at left wing, played his usual good game. It was his brilliant skating and shooting that enabled us to win the Greenwich game, 3-1, Gorsline scoring two of the goals single-handed. He will return next year.

Page, by his ability to adapt himself to almost any position, proved to be most valuable to the team. His brilliant playing enabled us to defeat De Witt Clinton 1-0, when, unassisted, he scored the only goal.

Gray was the high scorer of the season. He was indispensable to the Hockey team this year and fortunately will return next year. His fast skating, coupled with his ability to carry the puck and shoot from distance, always put "pep" into the school games.



BASEBALL

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BASEBALL, 1926

AT THE time of going to press the baseball season is still in its infancy, so it would be rather unfair for us to attempt to criticise or pass judgment on what has not yet happened. And though the start is not as promising as could be wished for, we feel sure that the team will come through to the best of its ability in the remaining eight games.

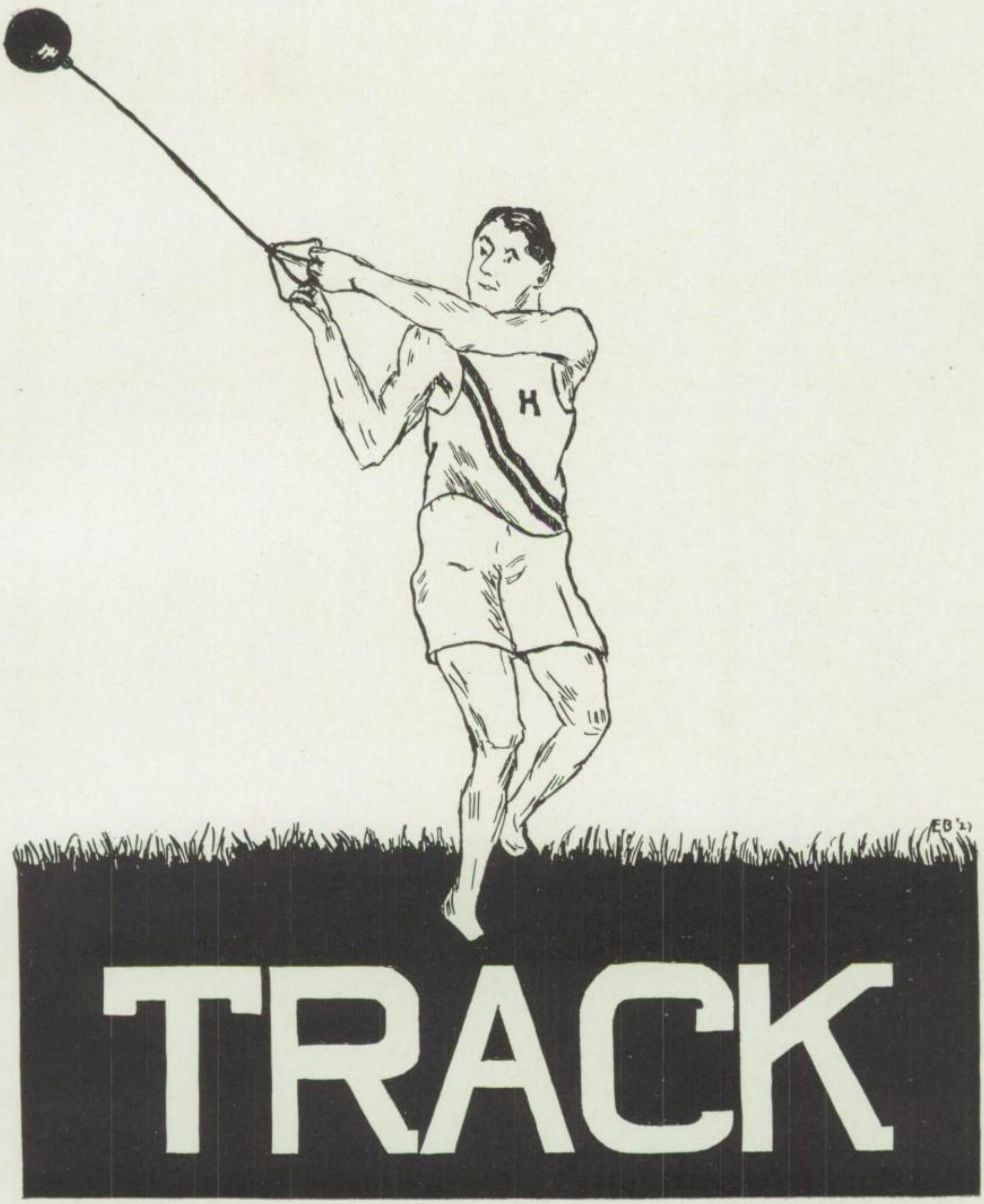
Perhaps the most outstanding individual on the team is Williams, our veteran pitcher. In his first three games he has turned in excellent performances, striking out forty-three opposing batters and allowing only a dozen scattered safe hits, and it is only due to the occasional unsteady support of his teammates that the season has not advanced more successfully. He and Purvis, a capable outfielder and dangerous hitter, are the mainstay of the team. The initial sack has been ably covered by Captain Tiedemann, who has played a steady and aggressive game. Carr (an infielder as well as a dependable hitter) has covered third, showing unusual skill in handling the ball. The other two infield positions have been filled by Inslee, Pearson and Forrest. All three are new material, and in future years should prove to be valuable additions to the Hackley nine. The outfield has been patrolled by Belfield, Berkson, and Gray, who have left nothing to be asked for.

And last, but by no means least, we must pause to pay tribute to "Ted" Butler, our coach, whose untiring efforts and baseball knowledge are sure to carry us through a successful season.

BASEBALL SCHEDULE

RUDOLPH TIEDEMANN, Capt. HAROLD C. ADAMSON, Mgr.

April	24	At home	Hackley	4	Trinity	5
April	28	At home	Hackley		Westchester Acad.	
May	1	At home	Hackley	17	Collegiate	1
May	5	At Scarborough	Hackley	0	Scarborough	8
May	8	At Brooklyn	Hackley	2	Poly Prep.	4
May	12	At Riverdale	Hackley	19	Riverdale	7
May	15	At home	Hackley		St. Paul	
May	19	At home	Hackley		Barnard	
May	21	At New York	Hackley		Horace Mann	
May	22	At home	Hackley		Alumni	
May	26	At home	Hackley		Mohegan	
May	29	At Morristown	Hackley		Morristown	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TRACK

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TRACK

THE ANNUAL goes to press before the track season closes so it is impossible to determine at this time just how successful the team will be. So far we have had two meets, in both of which we came out the victors. This is a good start, and although many of the men are new this year, prospects seem bright for a very successful season.

Comstock, a letter man and Captain of the team, runs the 440, and so far this year has not been beaten. He also is on the relay team, and occasionally does the broad jump. Little, also a letter man, runs the mile, and has great chances of breaking the school record in that event. The other letter men are Woodward, in the half mile; Gage, in the 100 and 220; Graves, in the 440 and 880, and Appleton, in the high jump and 100 yard dash. There are others who will undoubtedly win their letter this year, but unfortunately we cannot print their names here.

BARNARD VS. HACKLEY

100 yd. dash—Won by Backer (B). Second, Appleton (H). Third, Gage (H). Time, 10.1 sec.

Mile—Won by Little (H). Second, Howard (H). Third, Pletcher (H). Time, 5:5.2.

Shot Put—Won by Rogers (B). Second, Jones (H). Third, Fee (B). : Distance, 37′ 8.5″. Second, 35′ 7″. Third, 34′ 5″.

440 yd. dash—Won by Comstock (H). Second, Graves (H). Third, Hewett (B). Time, 56:2 sec.

High Jump—Won by A. T. Day (H). Second, Maynard (B). Third, Rogers (B). Height, 5′ 3″. Second, 5′ 2″. Third, 5′ 1″.

880 yd. dash—Won by Woodward (H). Second, Graves (H). Third, Little (H). Time, 2:17.9

220 yd. dash—Won by Backer (B). Second, Gage (H). Third, Julier (B). Time, 23.9.

Broad jump—Won by A. T. Day (H). Second, Shoth (B). Third, Comstock (H). Distance, 19′ 5.5″. Second, 18′ 7″. Third, 17′ 7″.

Total, Hackley, 47. Barnard, 25.

RIVERDALE VS. HACKLEY

100 yd. dash—Won by Gage (H). Second, Appleton (H). Third, Proctor (H). Time, 10.7

Mile—Won by Little (H). Second, Howard (H). Third, Pletcher (H). Time 5 :0.8.

Shot Put—Won by Jones (H). Second, Geissler (R). Third, Brayton (H). Distance, 37′ 3″. Second, 35′ 4″. Third, 33′ 3″.

220 yd. dash—Won by Gage (H). Second, Proctor (H). Third, Blackman (R). Time, 25.3.

Discus—Won by Jones (H). Second, Geissler (R). Third, Thun (R). Distance, 91′ 2″. Second, 89′ 7″. Third, 75′ 1″.

440 yd. dash—Won by Comstock (H). Second, Graves (H). Third, Hanighen (H). Time, 59.2.

Broad Jump—Won by A. T. Day (H). Second, Brigham (R). Third, Geissler (R). Distance, 19′ 6″. Second, 19′ 4″. Third, 18′ 8″.

880 yd. dash—Won by Woodward (H). Second, Foss (H). Third, Anger (H). Time, 2:20.

High jump—Won by A. T. Day (H) and Hanighen (H). Third, Allen (R). Height, 5′ 1″. Third, 5′ 0″.

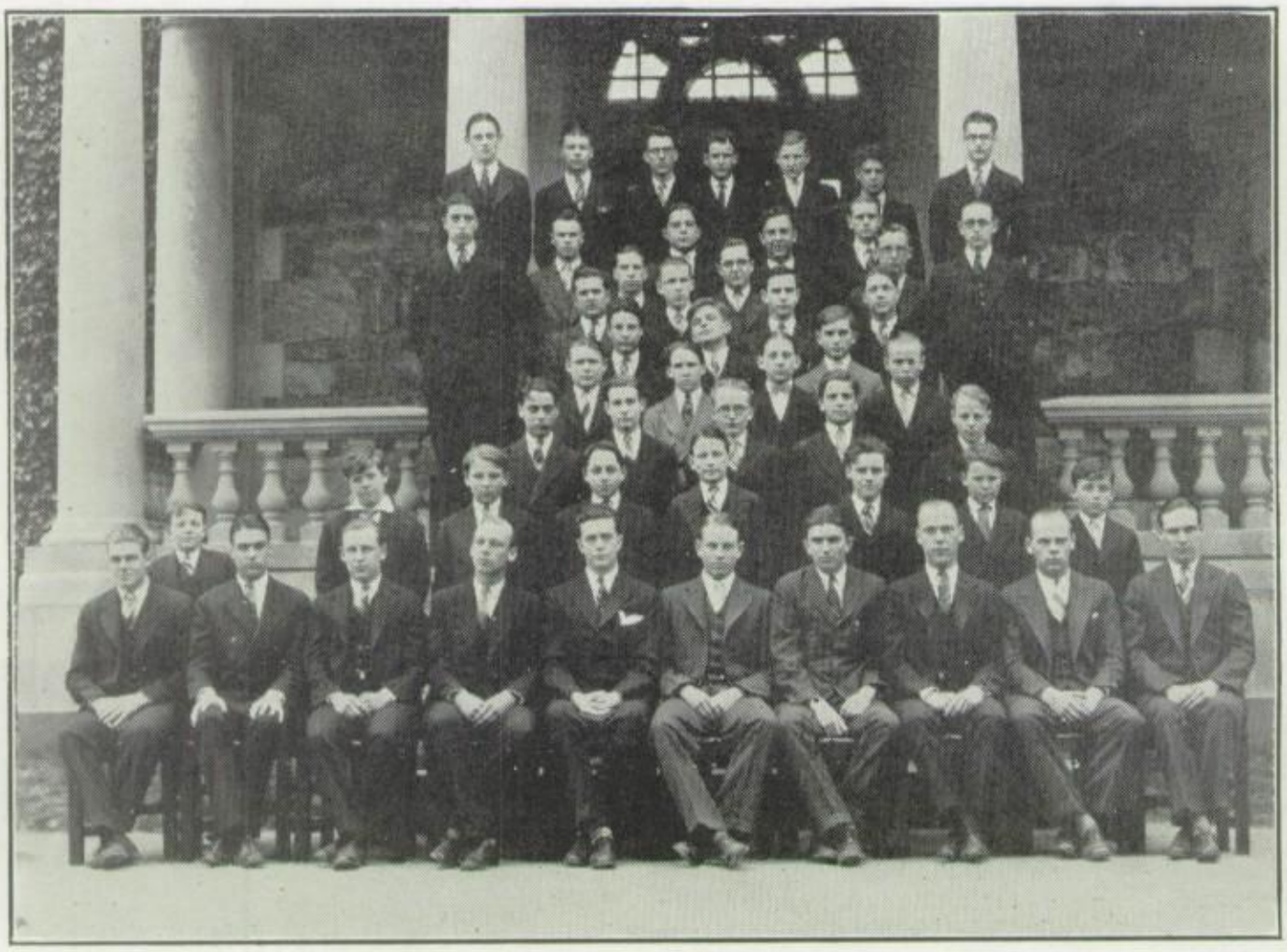
Relay—Won by Hackley. Team, Hanighen, Lynch, Duryee, Comstock.

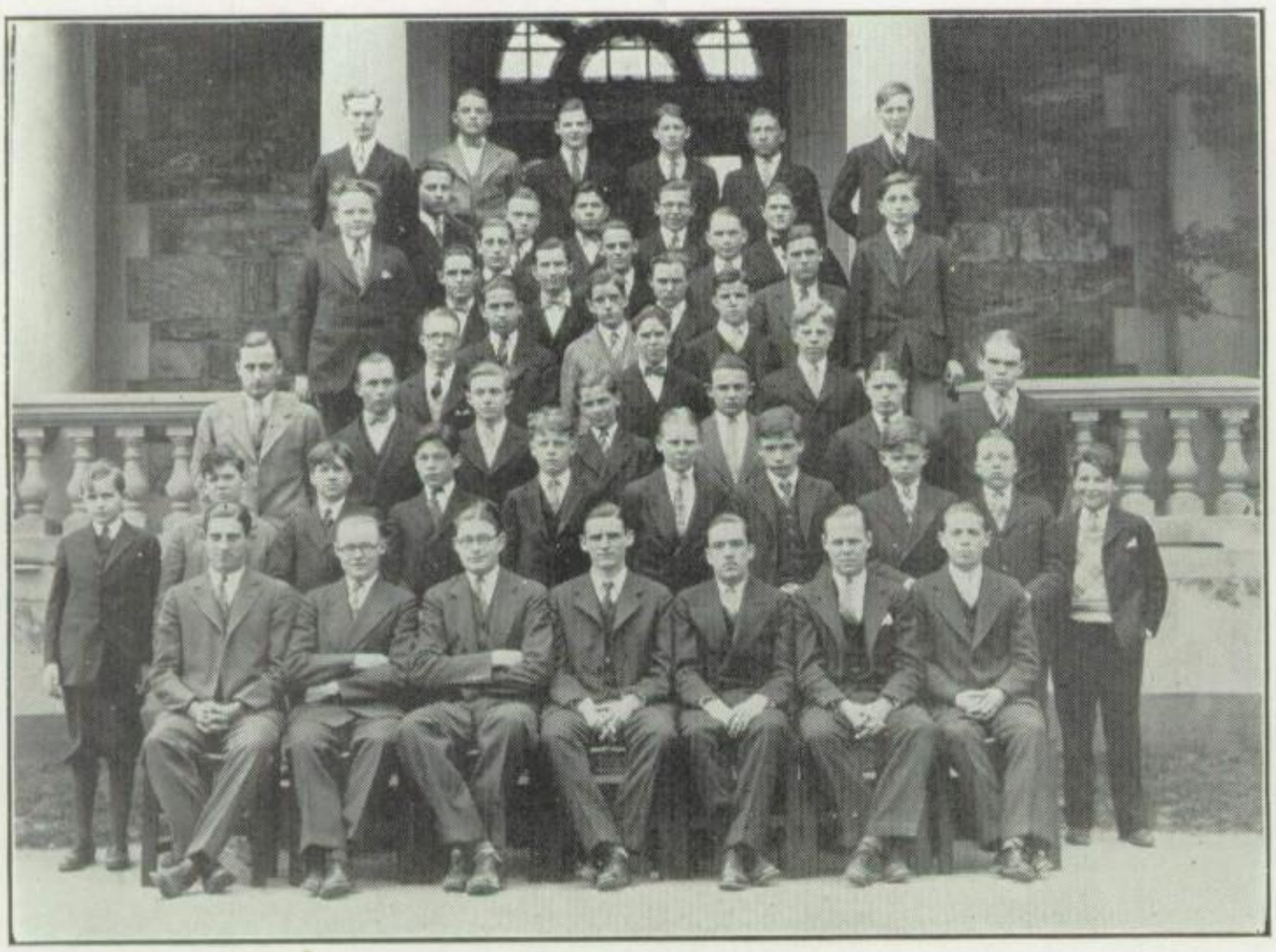
Total, Hackley, 73. Riverdale, 13.

RICHARD W. COMSTOCK, Capt. JOHN C. BRAYTON, Mgr.

April	24	at Hackley	Hackley 47	Barnard	25
May	5	at Riverdale	Hackley 73	Riverdale	13
May	12	at Clason Point	Hackley 42	Clason Point	30
May	22	at Hackley	Hackley	Horace Mann	
May	28	at Garden City	Hackley	St. Paul	

ORGANIZATIONS





GOODHUE CLUB

F. S. GRAVES, *President*

R. W. COMSTOCK, *Vice-President*

RAYMOND CLUB

B. GAGE, *President*

R. FOSS, *Vice-President*

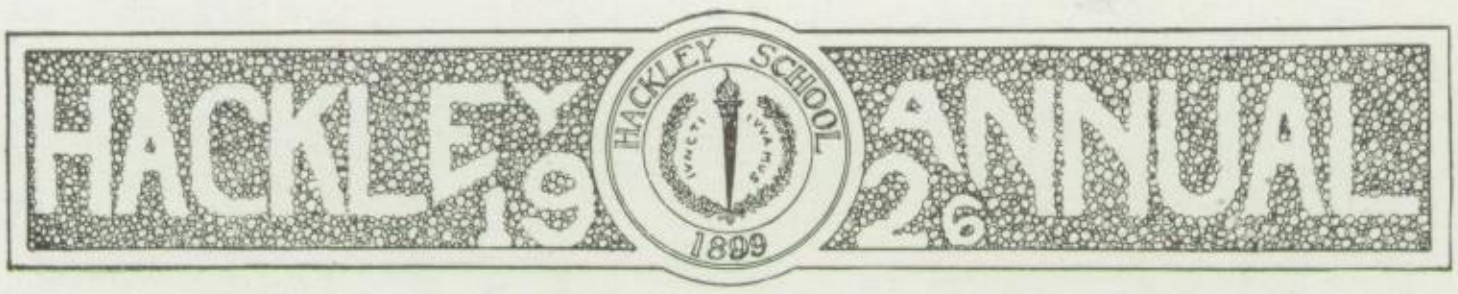
THIS YEAR marks a decided change in the inter-club sports of the school. For the first time in Hackley's history, there have been enough boys in the school to make four club teams in each sport; two Goodhue and two Raymond teams. The Raymond first team won the football series from the Goodhues, and many of the players on both sides showed such ability that it was evident that they would be fine recruits for next year's varsity. The little Raymonds also beat the Goodhues, but both sides played hard and well, and the scores were closer than those of the first team games.

In basketball the tables were turned; the Goodhues winning all the points. In this sport each club had three teams. Although the Goodhues won the series, they had to fight hard for it and extra periods were played in many of the games.

At the end of the basketball season the club score stood 158 for the Raymonds and 156½ for the Goodhues.

At the time of going to press, the baseball teams have not yet been fully organized, but keen competition is expected as the score is now so close.

A track meet between all the members of both clubs resulted in a victory for the Goodhues.



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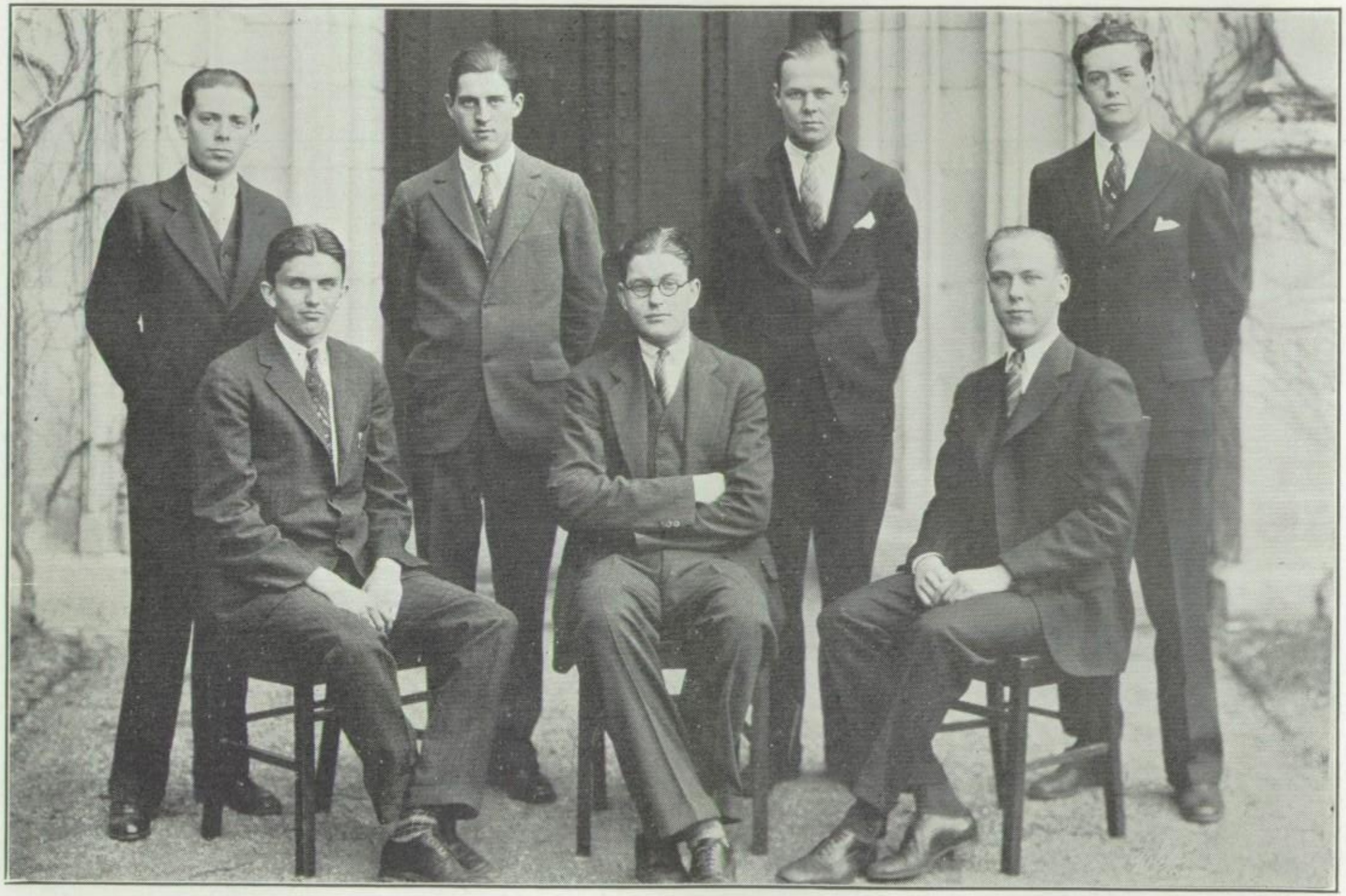
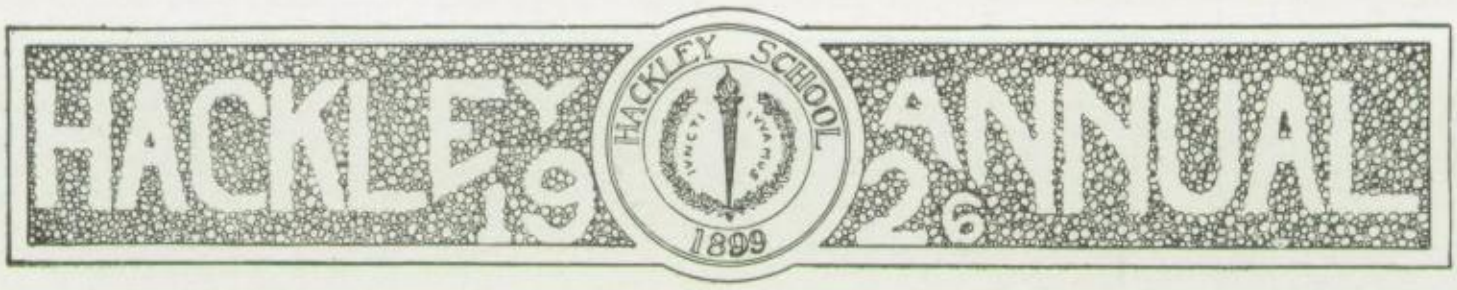
The Board takes this opportunity to thank Edward Beattie, '27, for his attractive art work in this publication.





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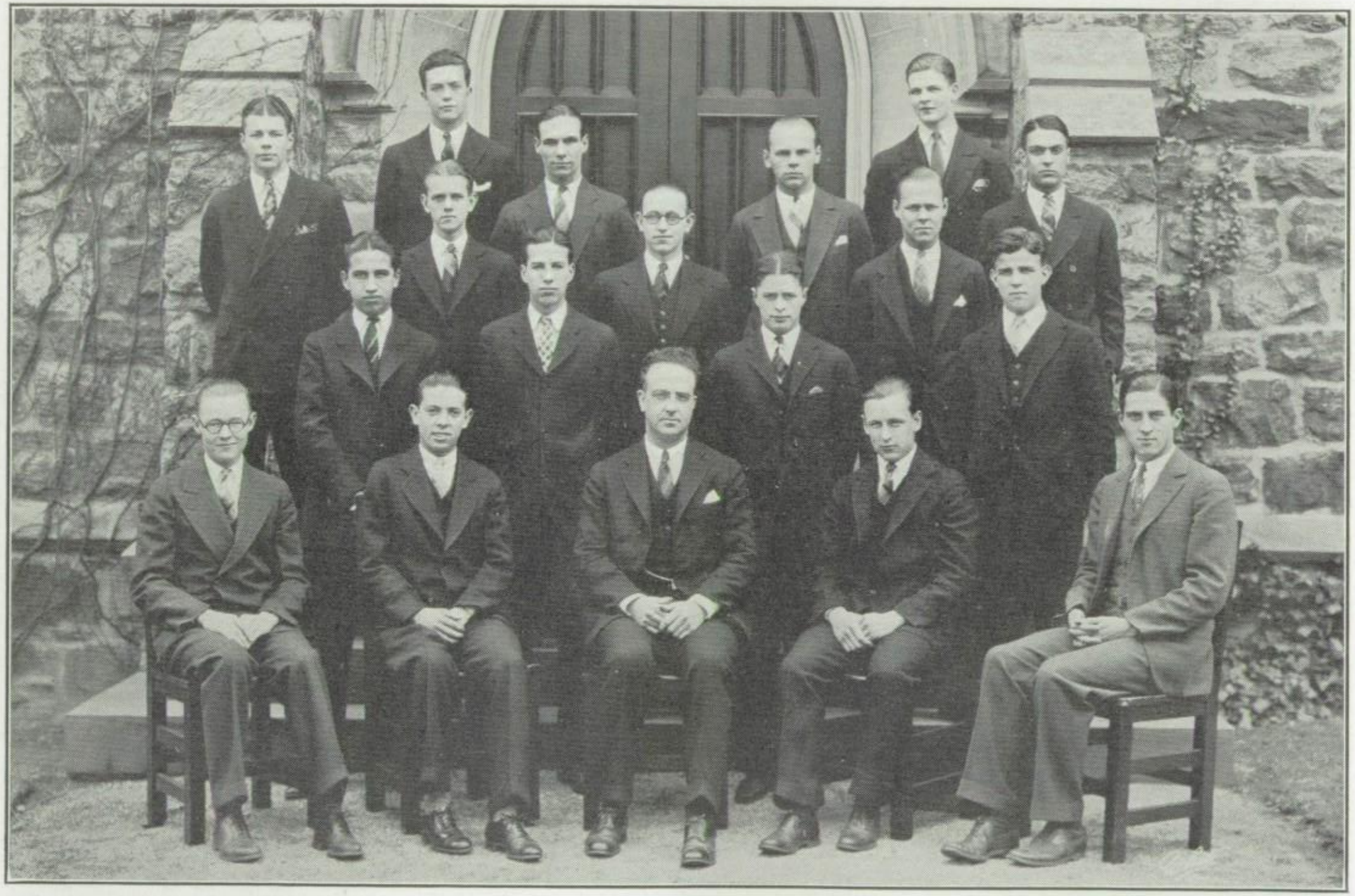


THE CHOIR

Tenors

KENNETH WEIDA, '26
B. D. HANIGHEN, '26
T. W. BROPHY, '26
JAMES LITTLE, '26
C. W. MILLER, '28
S. F. PLETCHER, '26
E. T. GOODRIDGE, '28
J. F. NOBLE, JR., '28
E. S. DURYEE, '27
D. I. COOPER, '26

Basses

H. C. ADAMSON, '26
ROBERT E. CARR, '26
T. D. WOODWARD, '26
C. B. VOSE, '28
W. B. INSLEE, '28
S. G. GRAY, JR., '28
L. E. APPLETON, JR., '28
FRANCIS GINN, '28

THIS YEAR the choir, altho supported by some of last year's veterans, was handicapped by a great deal of new material. However, Mr. Hague, aided in his untiring efforts by the support of the old fellows with their experience from former years, worked diligently, finally succeeding in grooming the choir remarkably well. Indeed, the Sunday singing has been a revelation, and is the main attraction of the service.

By the time the Plays came around, Mr. Hague had turned out a glee club which did very creditable work. Unfortunately, many of this year's veterans will not return next year, but, no doubt, Mr. Hague will carry on his good work as well as ever.

ORCHESTRA

B. D. Hanighen, '26	*Violin*
A. T. Cook	*Piano*
S. F. Pletcher, '26	*Cornet*
S. Gray, '28	*Banjo*
C. R. Mark, '30	*Drums*

DUE to various other school activities, the orchestra was able to play for only one school dance this year, but performed on several "stunt nights" and the final party of the dancing school. Their music was well organized and they presented "jazz" of the peppiest and most modern variety. Hanighen, violinist and leader, and Pletcher, the trumpet player, are graduating this year but we trust that those remaining, with the aid of new material, will keep up the high "jazz" standard set by this year's orchestra.

Moments of Leisure.

Elliott

Boozy

Ed

Bobby

Rudie

Jim

Beau

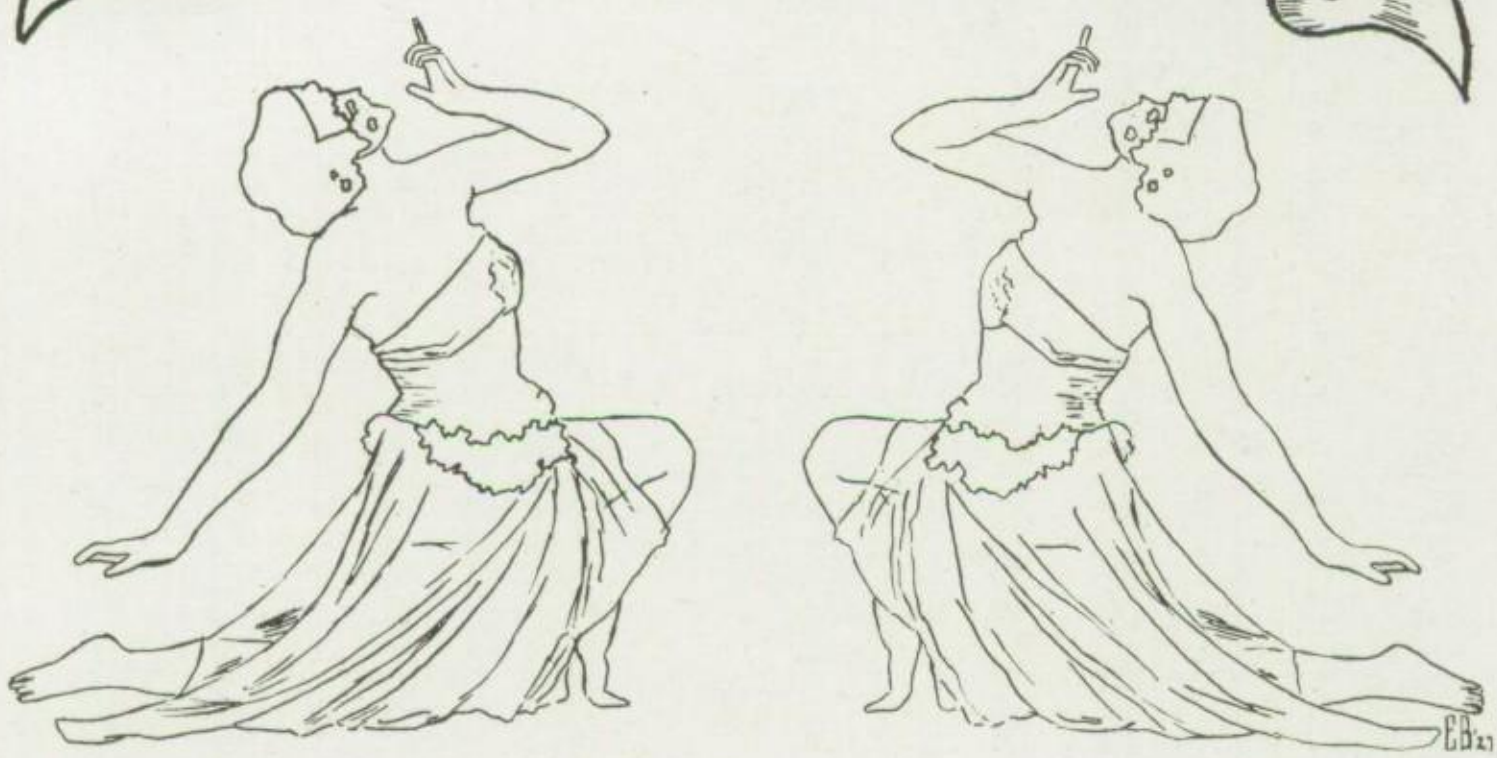
Tom

Hal

Brad

Jack

DRAMA



DRAMATIC CLUB

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B. GAGE, '26, *Stage Manager*

R. SHIPPEE '28, *Electrician*

F. S. GRAVES, '26, *Secretary, Treasurer*

MEMBERS

H. C. Adamson	'26	R. K. Dryer	'27	S. F. Pletcher	'26
E. F. Adamson	'30	R. Foss	'26	G. Previtali	'29
R. Belfield	'27	F. Graves	'26	F. Newbery	'31
W. C. Bonham	'30	A. Herrmann	'28	H. W. Valentine	'30
R. E. Breck	'28	W. G. Kittredge	'27	E. A. Webb	'30
T. W. Brophy	'26	R. G. B. Kenyon	'31	E. W. Webb, Jr.	'30
R. E. Carr	'26	C. W. Miller	'28	K. Weida	'26
B. S. Dresser	'30	B. D. Hanighen	'26	R. F. Warner	'28
C. V. Dresser	'29	E. B. Nisbet	'26	R. P. Williams	'27
		T. D. Woodward	'26		

ARISTOPHANES GOES TO THE PLAY

AT HALF-PAST three, approximately, on April seventeenth there was gathered together in the Hackley gymnasium as goodly a number of charming people as one may see this side of the Elysian fields, all tingling with that pleasant thrill of anticipation that precedes the annual productions of the Dramatic Club. With spectacles athwart our (editorial) nose and clutching fondly to our breast the sage counsels of Aristotle on the drama, we had just carefully disposed sundry inconvenient legs and arms within the narrow space allotted to us when we felt a light touch upon the shoulder. A tall figure, draped loosely in a white woolen

garment, stood beside me. (—"us", then, if you want to be irritating!) I had scarcely time to marvel at his strange attire and note a rubicund, bearded countenance that wore a smile half genial, half satiric, before the house was darkened and the curtain rose. My neighbor seated himself and leaned over confidentially.

"I'm on a holiday", he whispered. "Charon's offering a three-day excursion to the upper world this weekend,—special rates for the round trip, including the Styx ferry.—Couldn't afford to miss the chance," he added, apologetically. I raised a warning finger. He nodded and fixed his attention on the stage.

The first of the three plays presented was The Weak Spot, by George Kelly, a comedy based on the familiar superstition that when salt is spilled a pinch thrown over the shoulder will avert bad luck. The sketch, to our mind, proved more amusing than The Flattering Word, of last year. It was acted to the hilt by Hanighen, Pletcher, and Dryer, each of whom, by the spirited realization of his role, drew numerous laughs from the audience. My companion, whose frequent chuckles had betokened his amusement, applauded vigorously as the curtain fell.

"A play after my own heart, by Olympus!" he exclaimed, "and most divertingly conceived and executed. Pray lend me your stylus, friend, that I may note the idea for future use."

"Evidently," said I, "you have some acquaintance with the stage."

The unknown showed signs of pique. "I thought", he answered, rather haughtily, "that Aristophanes was better known than you imply. However",—with a sigh, "—new times, new names."

The Intruder, by Maeterlinck, was notable for its effective representation of a moonlit interior filled with mysterious shapes and shadows, and for the moving performances of Adamson and Warner as the grandfather and one of his granddaughters, respectively. Despite a fluent and poetic rendering, we cannot escape the feeling that the play itself is burdened by tedious repetitions and lacking

in dramatic contrasts. My companion, however, mumbled something about tragic irony, Aeschylus, and Fate, and seemed inclined to blame my lack of taste.

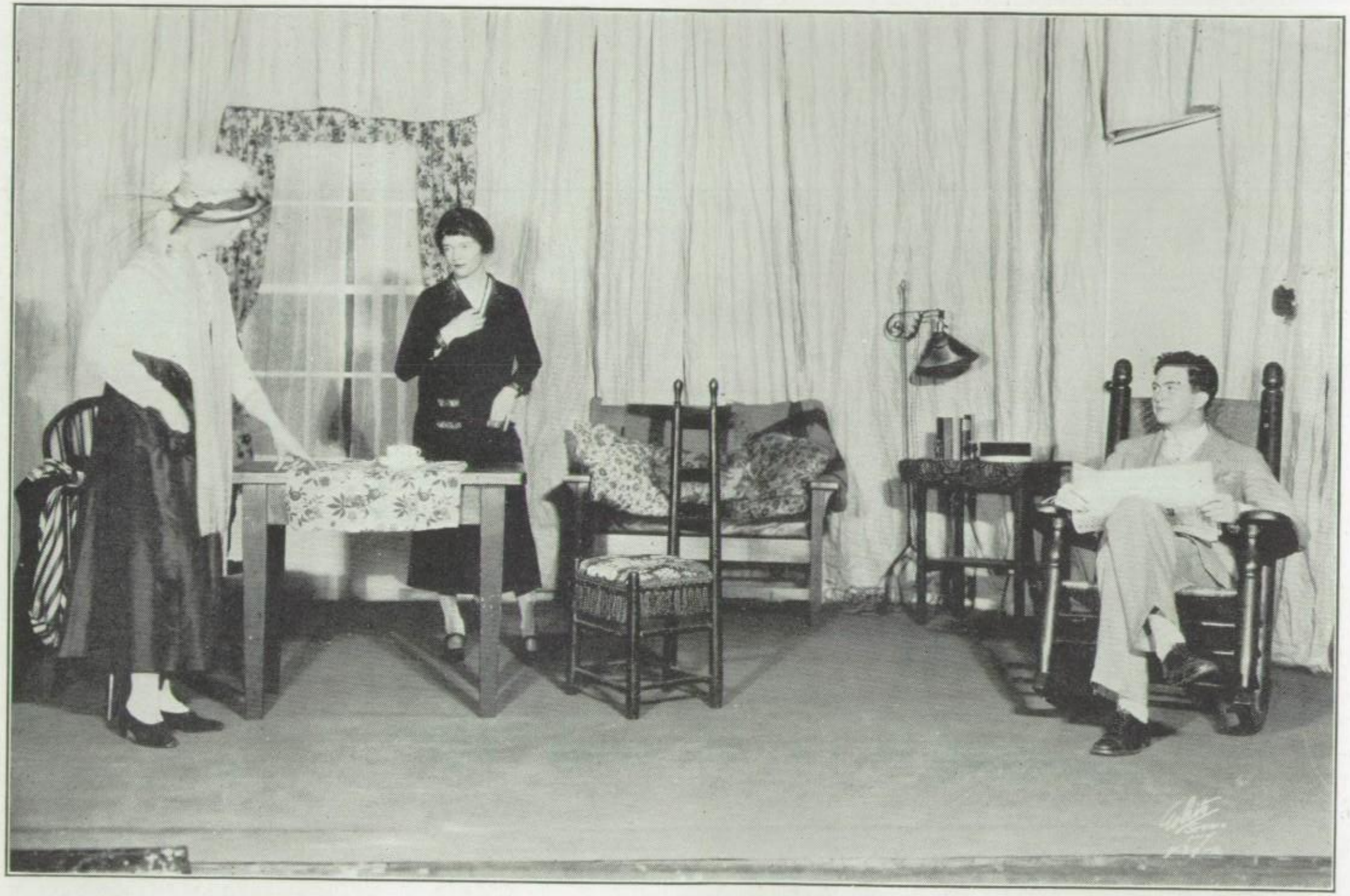
"Let us consider," said he, with a judicial frown, "all the ancient tragedies in order. To begin with—" At this point, fortunately for my composure, the curtain rose.

The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife, by Anatole France, provided scenes of such hearty and delicious comedy as fairly to spike the guns of hostile criticism. Before a skillfully contrived setting which displayed a room in the house of that learned jurist, Leonard Botal, and the adjoining street there moved in a harmonious pageantry of varied action and color the characters of mediaeval Paris. Both the judge and his spouse were presented with admirable spirit by Breck and Kittredge, while minor roles were enacted in contrasting styles and with complete success by Carr, Nisbet, Hanighen, Bonham and many others. Williams and Belfield showed to a noteworthy degree how effective a subordinate part may become in competent hands. And here, especially, must a word be said for the intelligent costuming, staging, and direction that contributed so greatly to the success of the production.

"Now may Zeus blight me with a thunderbolt", cried Aristophanes, "if this be not the merriest conceit since I devised The Frogs! It would grace with a smile, surely, even the stern lips of our Lord Pluto. But how now,—shall we have no more glees by your good minstrels? Well, then, I must be off—or miss the last ferry to Elysium!"

And even as I stared, before my very eyes, the poet vanished into air. Yet, while I still marveled, I heard faintly a dry laugh and a low voice—"Surely the Muses favor still their votaries,—maskers and mummers, and, with these, him too who labors to perfect their craft by sage advice!"

P. L. C.



THE INITIAL entertainment of 1925-26 was the Hallowe'en Masquerade Dance. It was held in the gymnasium which was attractively decorated with corn husks and autumn leaves. From the balconies, colored lights played on the whirling figures below. During the spot-light dances, and in the intermissions Charleston exhibitions were given by those most proficient in that graceful (?) art.

The judges had a hard time to decide on the most artistic and most original costumes, but the prizes were finally awarded to Miss Cicely Kershaw, Mrs. Spencer and her daughter, Robert Brandt, Bradley Dresser and Courtland Mark. Many alumni came back for the dance, and we all agree that it was one of the best masquerades ever given at Hackley.

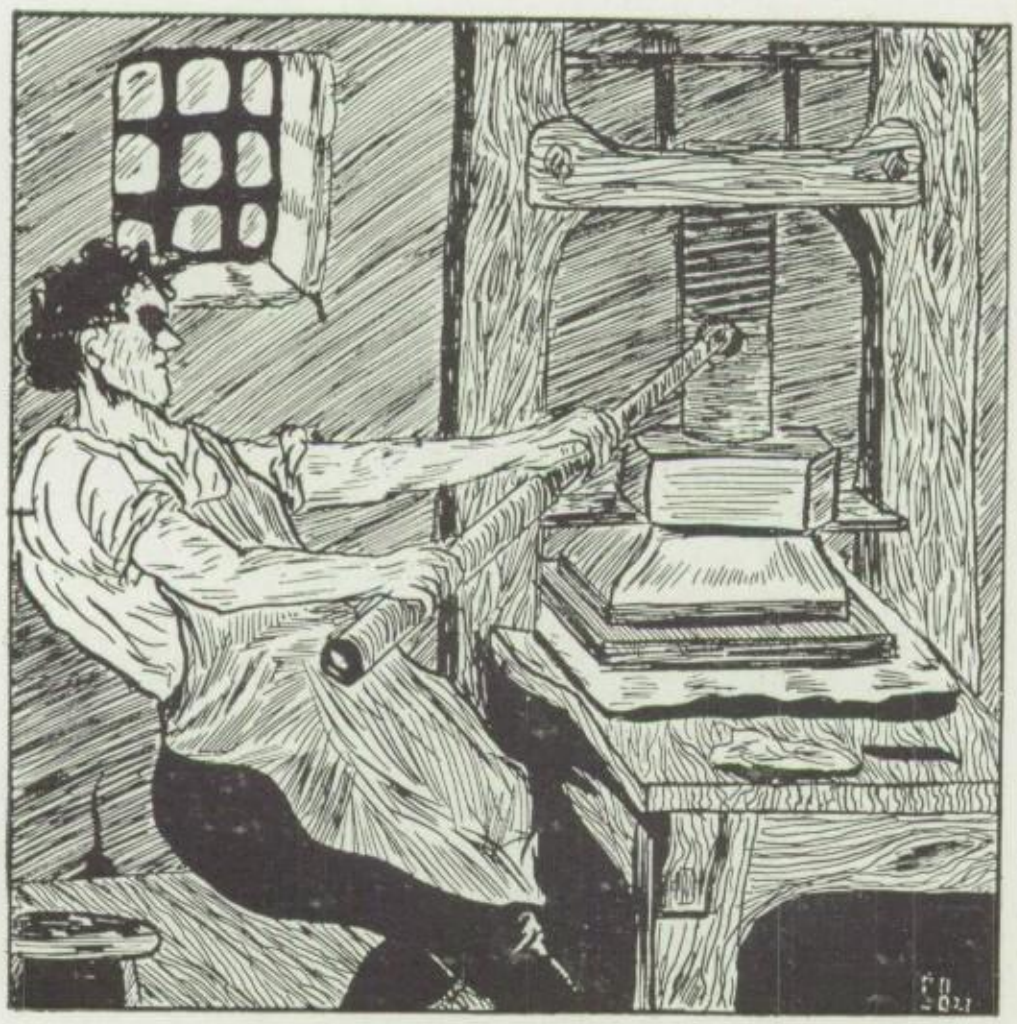
The second dance of the fall term was held on December twelfth in the Goodhue Chapel. It turned out to be another great success, thanks to the decorating committee and the school orchestra.

During the first term, the school was entertained on Saturday evenings by moving pictures in the Goodhue Chapel, and once or twice permission was given to the upper classes to attend the movies in Tarrytown. On November twenty-ninth the senior class entertained the school by a few little sketches, given between the reels of the movie. The next Saturday the Juniors furnished amusement in the same way. We hope this form of amusement continues throughout this year and some day becomes a school custom.

Almost every Saturday night during the winter term there was skating and coasting with hot chocolate and "hot dogs", provided

by Fred, served afterwards in the mail room. It can't be said whether the coasting or that which followed was more popular, but as both were inevitable, it really makes little difference. Saturday, February thirteenth, Colonel E. Alexander Powell gave an illustrated lecture on South Africa. Miss Weaver's school attended the lecture. The next Friday the annual winter-term dance was held in Goodhue and proved a success. Prizes were awarded to Jacqueline Evans with Charles Wink, and to Elizabeth Wheeler with Robert Lang, as winners of the lucky number dance.

It often happens that in the Spring Term one becomes lazy and likes to loll about and forget work of all kinds. Not so this spring! During the month preceding April seventeenth, Mr. A. T. Cook and some twenty-five or more actors, to say nothing of the stage crew, darkening committee, and decorating committee, had been working hard every day and far into the night, to present three finished and perfected one-act plays. When that "dread-day" arrived, an audience, the size of which had not been seen for many years at the Hackley Plays, applauded the production as an immense success. In the evening the enjoyment derived from the plays was carried on and enhanced by the dance. Every pillow and blanket available was in use around the pool to make the "cubbie holes" as comfortable and as enticing as possible. The pool, illuminated by the mellow glow of amber lights, and surrounded by a bank of green ferns was as attractive a sight as can be imagined. The gym also, thanks to Bob Carr and his crew, was most pleasingly decorated with banners and pennants of all colors, and with the blue and gold ribbons of the class of '26. The music, rendered by Bert Lown's orchestra and materially aided by Pletcher and Hanighen was as good as any we've had so far this year. The dance, as a whole, was the best given at Hackley in a great many years, and we are hoping that the commencement and the Junior-Senior dances will be as successful.



LITERARY

THE INTRUDER THAT MARRIED A DUMB WIFE

Ursulas—Come, grandpa, and sit down in the chair. (He does and heaves a moan.)

Grandfather—Shut the window, please, Ursula.

Ursula No. 1—Yes, grandfather.

Ursula No. 2—Yes, grandfather.

Ursula No. 3—Yes, grandfather. (Pause while they look for a window.)

Ursula No. 1—But there is no window, grandfather.

Ursula No. 2—And anyhow, it won't shut.

Grandfather—Why are you trying to deceive me?

Father—They aren't deceiving you; there is no window here that I can see. (Looks hard, but doesn't find one.)

Grandfather—Please, PLEASE, *PLEASE,* don't try to deceive me.

Father—Why, father, what would be the harm in that?

Grandfather—Oh, I can't stand it another minute!

Ursulas—Grandfather, grandfather, what is the matter, grandfather? (Pause.)

Grandfather—Are not the crows raving, I mean the ravens crowing, Ursula?

Ursulas—No, grandfather, the ravens are not crowing, grandfather.

Father—I can hear no such noise, father, in fact it seems extremely quiet, both within and without.

Grandfather—Without what?

Father—Why, without the ravens, of course. (Pause.)

Grandfather—WHAT IS THAT NOISE?

Father—I heard no noise.

Ursula No. 1—Nor 1.

Ursula No. 2—Nor 1.

Ursula No. 3—Nor I.

Father (remembering)—Oh, yes, it is the servant.

Grandfather—The servant?

Father—Yes, the servant. Nothing unusual in that, is there?

Grandfather—What does the servant want?

Father—I'll go see. (Looks for servant. Calls): Servant! Servant! Where are you? Come here!

Servant (Offstage)—Oh, has my cue been given?

Father—Yes, hurry up. (Servant trips on stage. Father resumes natural tone): What are you doing at this late hour? And don't you know you should be more quiet when you come in?

Servant—Come in? I was just starting for the boiler-makers ball, wanta come? (Father starts to faint, but then decides not to.)

Father—No, for you see, my poor dumb wife is being operated on tonight and I think I ought to stick around here.

Servant—Well, all right. Goodbye. (Exit.)

(Silence is resumed.)

Grandfather—By the by, how is your wife?

Ursulas—Perhaps we had better see.

Grandfather—Please do!

Ursula No. 1—I will go last since the place of honor is in the rear!

Grandfather—Oh, I've got to the point where I can't answer for the consequences; I feel capable of committing any crime!

Ursulas (Rushing back in)—Grandfather, grandfather, what is the matter, grandfather?

Ursula No. 3—What is the matter, my dear? You seem excited! Perhaps the air is close. No? It's the East Wind, then, don't you think—or the fish you ate for dinner?

Grandfather—My head will burst! Open the window, for the love of—Mike!

All—But we tell you there is no window! (Pause, then Grandfather snores extremely loud.)

Ursulas—Grandfather is asleep! He has not slept for three hours!

Grandfather (awaking)—Am I in front of the glass window, Ursula?

Ursula No. 1—Did you have a nice sleep, grandfather?

Grandfather—I SAY! AM I FACING THE GLASS WINDOW, URSULA?

All—But we tell you there is no window, no, not even a glass one, grandfather. (Loud crunching of paper, offstage.)

Grandfather—What is that noise?

Ursula No. 1—It is the leaves.

Ursula No. 2—Yes, it is the leaves.

Ursula No. 3—Falling on the terrace.

Ursulas—Grandfather.

Grandfather—And that?

Ursula No. 3—It is the clasping of my hands. (Pause.)

Grandfather—How many of us are there round about the table, Ursula?

Father—There are five of us around the table, father.

Grandfather—You are there, Paul?

Father—Yes, of course I'm here, right in my usual place; that's alarming, isn't it?

Grandfather—You are there, Ursula?

Ursula No. 1—Yes, grandfather, I am here.

Grandfather—You are there, Ursula?

Ursula No. 2—Yes, grandfather, I am here.

Grandfather—You are there, Ursula?

Ursula No. 3—Yes, grandfather, I am here. (Father now pinches candle, causing it to go out.)

Ursulas—The light has gone out, right out!

Grandfather—Is it dark here?

Father—Well, there is not much light, except for a little coming through the window.

Ursulas—But you forget, father, that there is no window.

Grandfather—What is that noise? (Slight pause. The clock strikes 13 very irregular chimes, then another pause, then a sound of a sheet torn very sharply.) Who got up from the table?

Father—I did not get up from the table.

Ursula No. 1—I did not get up from the table.

Ursula No. 2—I did not get up from the table.

Ursula No. 3—I did not get up from the table.

(A voice is heard offstage which later proves to be the dumb wife speaking her first words.)

Father—Listen to my dumb wife, she has never spoken before!

Sister of Misery (Rushing in)—I can't stand it. My head will burst. No human creature can stay and listen to such a clatter. There's no stopping her. I feel as if I'd been caught in a mill-wheel for two mortal minutes!

Dumb Wife (Rushing in from opposite side of stage)—Did that NUT tell you anything?

All—What nut? What d'ya mean? What are you doing?

Dumb Wife—Oh, don't be such old crabs! She'll never be all right while her head's the shape it is. She said I talked too much. Imagine that! That I was a regular pot-pourri! Why, I've only been talking for ten minutes! I simply told her that there was nothing so terrifying as fire, that people were getting very extravagant, and that the chief justice of—

Father (leaving the room rather hurriedly)—Tell it to the Marines! They need practice under fire.

Dumb Wife—Don't mind him, girls; he wouldn't know what to do with diamonds if he had them. But then, I know you girls would like to hear me. (The girls begin to edge towards the door.) I could not speak very fluently at first, but now I have acquired a fair degree of facility. Say, the doctor told me a fine story. It seems that there were two Irishmen, Pat and—

Ursulas—All right! All right! Save it till the first of the month! We're leaving. (Exeunt.)

Dumb Wife—And so, father, what do you think Uncle Wiggily Longears said to Nurse Jane Fuzzy-Wuzzy when the sugar jumped into the teapot?

Grandfather (Staggering to door)—Help! Help! Oh, why have the Ursulas forsaken me!

Dumb Wife (Pursuing him)—Wait, father! I'm not through yet. (A pillow, heaved presumably by the Ursulas, aids the exit of the dumb wife.)

R. B. H., '27.

KISS ME AGAIN

I DON'T profess to know the name of the illustrious gentleman who wrote that immortal piece of music, "Kiss Me Again," nor can I truthfully say that I have ever made any honest endeavor to find it out; yet, in my opinion, which I have just shown you is particularly unbiased, he is deserving of a seat in the hall of fame; not a common, ordinary seat like those allotted to such inferior men as Mark Twain or Oliver Cromwell, but a real, honest-to-goodness high chair.

Never have I seen a melody prove equal to this in playing on the emotions of the American youth or in massaging the heart-strings of the older folks. Whenever the strains of "Kiss Me Again" are played by the temperamental violinist of our neighborhood playhouse, it is a signal for the audience, as one, to reach for their handkerchiefs.

Here and there you may see some weaker person surreptitiously brush away a tear or two, in making a sham at blowing his nose, so that the hard-boiled person, in the next seat—who is in reality just as weak—will not think him a spineless sentimentalist. Then, again, you may hear some aged spinster, a few rows back, humming, with quivering lip as she thinks once again of the days that were, and of the opportunities she has missed by saying no too often. You may also see the gum-guzzling couple, holding hands, a few rows ahead, tighten their grip quite perceptibly and quite meaningly. Scoff, if ye will, but I say unto you this is life.

The psychological moment for the orchestra to play this selection is, when, after husband and wife have thrown every available thing in view at each other, the little child, in her nightie, trips lightly on the scene, without falling, and, placing one arm around

mama's neck and one around daddy's, draws them forcibly into a fond embrace, in which all past quarrels are forgotten. This makes a very convenient finis and the youth, hastily, parks his gum under his seat and strolls hurriedly out of the theatre, a sadder and a wiser man, resolved to do something great and noble to raise him from his shallow plane of existence.

We busy ourselves in elaborate festivities over the discoverer of our country; we have a national holiday for the man who showed the world "that all men are created equal"; why not have a fete day in honor of the man who wrote such an inspiring piece of music?—a piece that brings out those finer qualities of civilized man which distinguish him from the savage.

Harold C. Adamson, '26.

TO MY DOG

To you, O comrade of my darkest hours,
My constant pal in sorrow and in pain.
Was ever there a friendship equal ours?
Or will there ever be one such again?

You look at me in silent adoration.
You try to gain some petty word of praise.
Have ever I had such a close relation?
Or one to grant me such a loving gaze?

You hang your head in sorrow when I'm stricken
You take all my disasters for your own,
You bark with glee, I feel your pulse to quicken
When fortune smiles on me or on our home.

Tho' you are mute, you speak, yet silently.
I see you ponder, puzzle, plan, and pout.
Why do you need a voice to speak to me
When I can understand you best without?

H. C. A., '26.

DAILY DUST

FALL TERM

Sept. 23 Much rejoicing as old boys return.
" 24 Senior class takes on its new responsibilities. First football practice.
" 25 Squad receives promise of a snappy Saturday afternoon football practice.
" 26 Carol much in evidence downtown. Bockwinkle has a tin window sill this year. School entertained by "North of 36" in evening. Senior class leaves, disappointed, after the death of the Indian maiden.
" 27 Traffic is confused by a frightened chicken on Broadway. Our class president returns.
" 28 "Rudy" makes a confession.
" 29 Arthur recruits.
" 30 First movie victims.

Oct. 1 Four seniors turn yeggs.
" 2 Squad scrimmages with the clubs. Ken Weida increases his income.
" 3 Pearson kicked off Yiddish golf course. He couldn't talk the language.
" 4 This space reserved for "Doc" Weller.
" 5 Burlingham upsets Russell and Lawrie's window.
" 6 School demands carbon copies of letter which Adamson and Weida received from a certain Mr. Tweddell of Great Neck.
" 7 Dublin not yet in evidence. "Pop" pops his first exam.
" 8 Daily Dust Editors take a holiday.
" 9 First "King 6" meeting. Seniors so angelic King can't bellow.
" 10 School knocked out in evening by "Shock Punch".
" 11 Adamson gives visitors wrong idea of the choir.
" 12 Weida thinks H. M. is "Pop".
" 13 Brophy spends a half hour with Carol. He isn't an architect but he surely has designs!
" 14 Pletcher insists on having his name in the Daily Dust. Here it is.
" 15 Mr. Loftus insulted by Ardsley caddies.
" 16 Grace attracts the sailors, Ned Sawyer, class of '22, among them.
" 17 Pop doesn't tear his hair over result of club games. As if he could!
" 18 Scented noises in chapel.
" 19 Purvis makes record suit collection.
" 20 Adamson introduces "Chatty" to the boys.
" 21 Mrs. Russell returns. Mr. Russell will now have his peace and quiet!
" 22 Last preparations for trip to Boston.
" 23 Dr. Weller takes some of the boys to see his old pals at Ossining.
" 24 A dead Saturday.
" 25 The victors return from Boston.
" 26 A real dame from the big city is big-hearted with her Buick.
" 27 Young Harry makes his debut. Previtali mistakes A. T. Cook for the proud father.
" 28 H. M. receives numerous congratulations.
" 29 King takes a much needed vacation.
" 30 Dryer says its hard getting up at seven in the morning.
" 31 Two Fordham lassies ditch Little and Weida.

Nov. 1 One of the Bronx dames is a flat tire.
" 2 Seniors stay up all night and fool "Fester-Face".
" 3 Election day and school is elected to study more.
" 4 Team beats local high school in weekly scrimmage.
" 5 Team starts trembling in eager anticipation of the Horace Mann game.
" 6 Hackley wins morally over huge mass of Kosher beef.
" 7 Rumors of ring-worms.
" 8 More rumors.
" 9 Pop loses a ball on King field. Reward if returned, since it is the second one in two days.
" 10 Plague of ring-worms descends upon the Seniors.
" 11 Last cue in the poolroom is stripped of its tip.
" 12 Goodhues beat Raymonds. What was the score?
" 13 Friday the 13th lives up to its reputation as Morristown wins.
" 14 Pletcher says he'd like to see the Army play West Point.
" 15 Cues and pool balls gone from poolroom. Pletcher frantic.
" 16 A couple of the boys go over to the Rhinelander trial.
" 17 Seniors get big-hearted and watch club games.
" 18 Noble wants tuxedo to go to tea at the Queen's.
" 19 The boys see "Kip" for the first time and decide that he could easily be called Scott instead.
" 20 Carr goes "Skipping" through the woods.
" 21 King gives too many permissions. Something bound to break.
" 22 It breaks. King removes Seniors' Sunday downtown privilege.
" 23 Looks pretty dark for Rhinelander.
" 24 Jones becomes uncouth again.
" 25 Jones becomes Johnsonian in Russell and Lawrie's.
" 26 Thanksgiving. Everybody away.
" 27 Cooper and Jones stage a scandal in the Alumni room.
" 28 Seniors strut their dramatic prowess.
" 29 First field day at Dublin.
" 30 King appears unexpectedly as Don P. uses unladylike language.

Dec. 1 Hockey squad imports a coach.
" 2 Crap game in Jones' room lures Seniors and Juniors to their "downfall".
" 3 King thinks Graves and Little corrupt each other. Possible?
" 4 King tests Seniors' journalistic powers.
" 5 Exceptionally dull Saturday.
" 6 Bobby Carr gets chummy with Corinne Griffith on the Jewish golf course.
" 7 Pletcher tells A. T. that he had an idea yesterday, but A. T. thinks it must have died of solitary confinement.
" 8 Pearson slanders the "Good Wife of Bath."
" 9 Seniors tell Wink he isn't everything he thinks he is.
" 10 Carr leaves for New Jersey to chaperone the cows.
" 11 A. T. keeps open house for the Seniors. Last preparations for the dance.
" 12 Good dance. Weida cuts Simpson dead.
" 13 Pletcher thinks the Seniors aren't supposed to get the minister.
" 14 King thinks Jones is anaemic and sends him home.

" 15 Pearson has midnight controversy with D&M driver. Loses to the tune of $2.60.
" 16 Beattie is caught wielding a cue.
" 17 Weida turns spendthrift. Goldblatt sinks the seniors.
" 18 Adamson emulates Santa Claus. Watch out, children!
" 19 Everybody tears but some of the King's victims.

WINTER TERM

Jan. 5 Everybody back but the brilliant boys.
" 6 Gloom is prevalent.
" 7 Some new boys are discovered among the cohorts.
" 8 Case and Schenck drift in.
" 9 Pearson and Nisbet while away the time by sweeping off the rink.
" 10 Seniors take some of Belfield's finery.
" 11 Flappings of wings and hoarse croakings heard on the corridor.
" 12 Hockey team gets a good start by beating Mamaroneck 1-0.
" 13 Hanighen and Pearson furnish a little Montmartre atmosphere on the corridor.
" 14 Hackley defeats DeWitt Clinton, 1-0, in hockey.
" 15 Jones tries to win his bet, but fails, because he dislikes moustaches.
" 16 Gorsline takes the operator skating.
" 17 No hockey game. Why? Weather not suitable and none scheduled.
" 18 More flappings of wings.
" 19 The Queen takes "her boys" to a brawl at Castle.
" 20 Hackley loses at basketball.
" 21 "Long John" loses a shirt; he's nearly frantic.
" 22 Club games feature entertainment at the gym.
" 23 More hoarse croakings at night.
" 24 Rain.
" 25 No holiday yet.
" 26 At last the holiday is declared.
" 27 Basketball team drops a tough one.
" 28 "Stefko" bites twice on the box question.
" 29 Study! Carr, Little and Brayton found the F. S. Society.
" 30 Goldblatt not up to par.
" 31 The "bid" goes back on us and "Stefko" makes the beds.

Feb. 1 The "bid" is reconciled.
" 2 The King rails at the school for being "sloppy".
" 3 General gloom.
" 4 More gloom.
" 5 Still more gloom.
" 6 No classes. Great hilarity.
" 7 Three haggard Seniors return from week-ends.
" 8 "Henny" predicts more snow.
" 9 Gray provides amusement in studyhall.
" 10 Pearson arouses the "Bjorkman's" anger by inquiring whether or not his shirt-front is boiled.
" 11 The "Welchman" manufactures a new cue from a tennis racquet.
" 12 We discover that it is Lincoln's Birthday by looking in the paper.

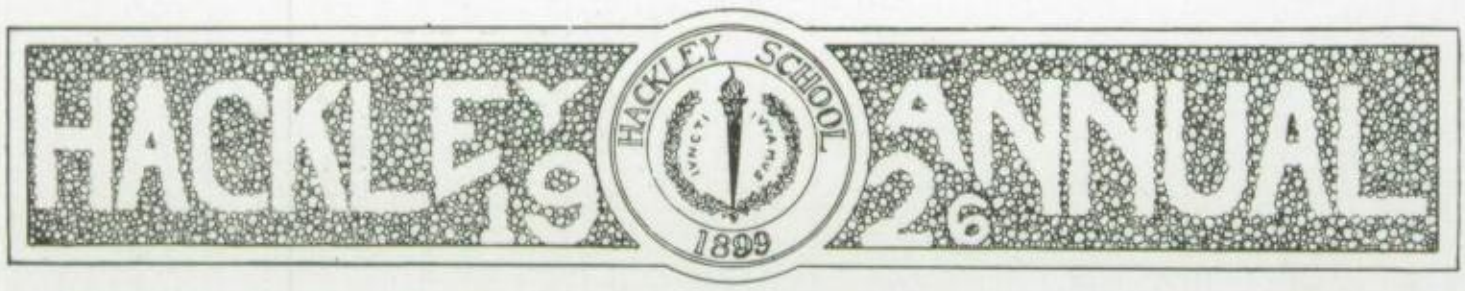
" 13 Mr. Loftus addresses the school.
" 14 Jones is rebuked.
" 15 Seniors obtain more loud neckties.
" 16 Senior storm windows volplane to the earth.
" 17 "It's 10:30. Remember your agreement, fellows".
" 18 Anger strips Seniors walls and then resigns from the decorating committee.
" 19 Tweddell appears.
" 20 Vacation.
" 21 "
" 22 "
" 23 Seniors continue their usual drag with his majesty.
" 24 Purvis discovers a new use for Listerine.
" 25 The Bjorkmans are coming!
" 26 This space reserved for "Doc".
" 27 Henny changes a five dollar bill.
" 28 Fester-Face leaves.

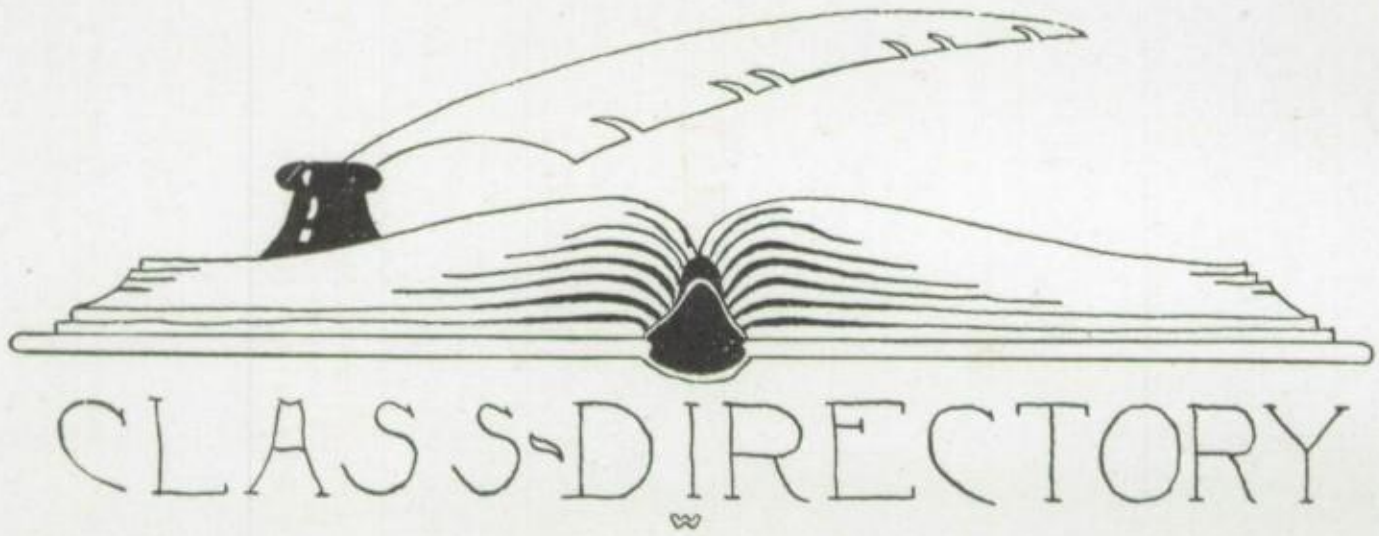
Mar. 1 Belfield elected hockey captain for next year.
" 2 Burlingham boasts of his vices.
" 3 Hanighen is ejected from the corridor by Pop.
" 4 Basketball team routs Riverdale.
" 5 King returns from Washington.
" 6 Paul Fleming performs a few feats of legerdemain.
" 7 Pearson calls "Pale-Face" "Lethe' (river of forgetfulness).
" 8 Time to pick up loose ends.
" 9 Seniors send delegation to White Plains, who inhale "Lady Windemere's Fan".
" 10 "Poached Egg" finds his toast.
" 11 Seniors' personality election takes place. Many unpleasant things brought to light.
" 12 Jones almost given the gate, but gets off with every known punishment instead.
" 13 Seniors send delegation to Aimé Dupont.
" 14 School dozes in chapel.
" 15 Swarm of baseball candidates report for the first time to "Ted".
" 16 "Rudy" says that the Australian rabbit colony started from one rabbit. We wonder!
" 17 King gets rough in Russell & Lawrie's.
" 18 Frank says he's in at five for Coffin. Bobby asks when he coughed.
" 19 Everybody happy as the term ends with a crash!

SPRING TERM

" 31 Seniors say they're glad to be back, for the last time.
Apr. 1 April fool, no kidding!
" 2 Rehearsals, rehearsals, and still more rehearsals!
" 3 Great God Brown!
" 4 More Great God Brown!
" 5 Still more Great God Brown!
" 6 Adamson crucified. So long, Great God Brown!

"	7	Messrs. Coffin and Lindsay feast their eyes on Goldblatt's superb entertainment.
"	8	Nothing doing!
"	9	Helen gone!
"	10	Brockett becomes the "father" of sixteen boys.
"	11	Hey, hey! Another Sunday!
"	12	Jones recognizes his watch fob on Stefko.
"	13	"Dramatics are fine," say Adamson & Weida, returning at midnight.
"	14	"We want more work," cry the abused Masters.
"	15	"Try and get it!" retort the dramaticians.
"	16	"A. T." gets local color for his plays at dress rehearsal.
"	17	Plays and dance a success.
"	18	Many alumni keep the Senior corridor "aglow" with contentment.
"	19	Burlingham finds use for a base.
"	20	Bonham flits ambitiously about.
"	21	Actors make up for loss of sleep.
"	22	Pop still praising "The Virgin."
"	23	Brown suddenly becomes the leading wit of the Junior class.
"	24	Bockwinkel branded as a C. P. A.
"	25	ANNUAL Board breaks the Fourth Commandment, also the Third.
"	26	The "Poach" suddenly desires to write a poetic masterpiece! Good luck, Tom!
"	27	The King reminds us of the fact that there's not much more time. Boo-Hoo!
"	28	Juniors sob as "Madge" leaves.
"	29	Brown pulls a fast one.
"	30	They "kent" do this at Kent!
May	1	Upper classmen honor Briarcliff with their presence, while rest of school goes to movies.
"	2	Rumors of a tea dance!
"	3	Adamson & Weida visit the Countess. Pletcher receives an after dinner bath.
"	4	Adamson & Weida look in "The Mirror" but fail to see themselves.
"	5	It won't be long now!
"	6	"Annie" Burns pays us one of his visits.
"	7	Last fish day before ANNUAL goes to press.





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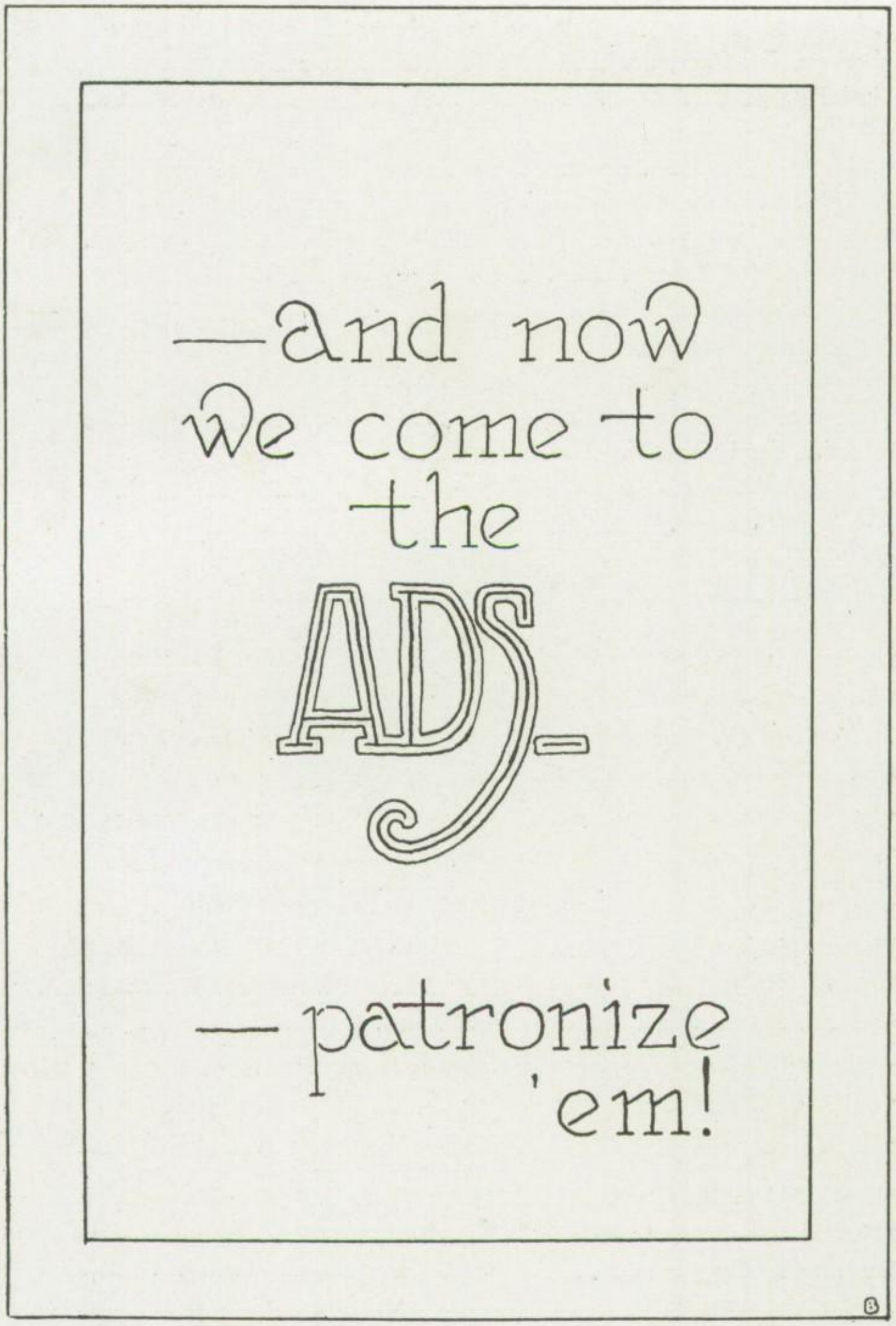
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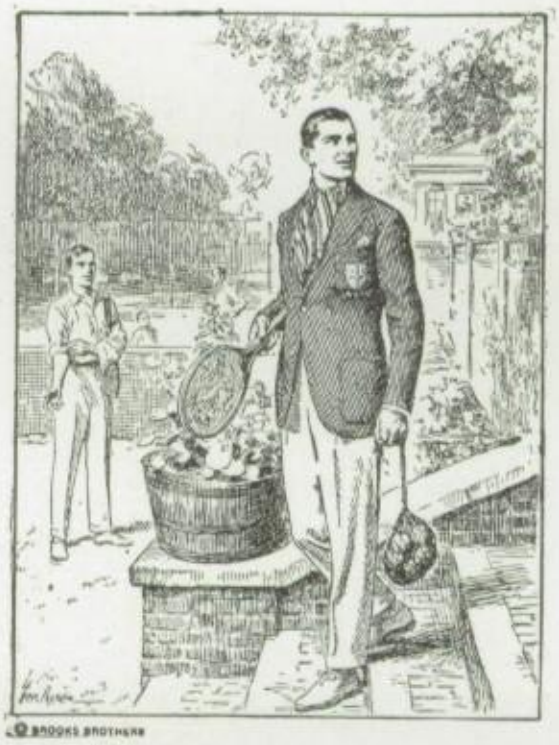

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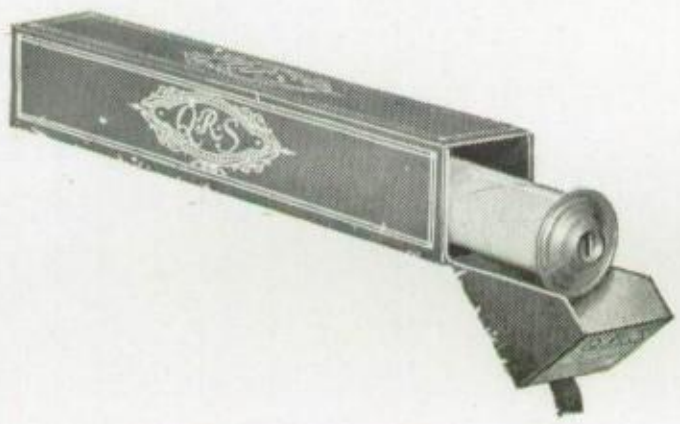

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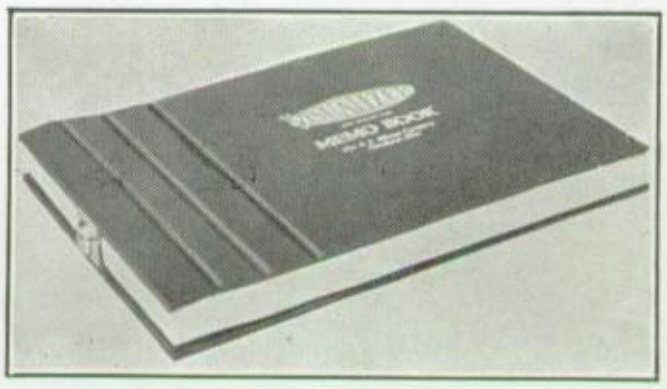

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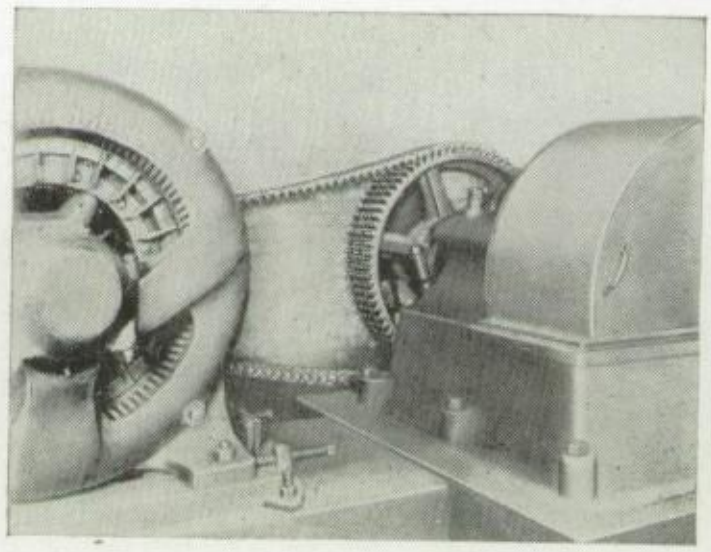

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